The Relief Society Magazine

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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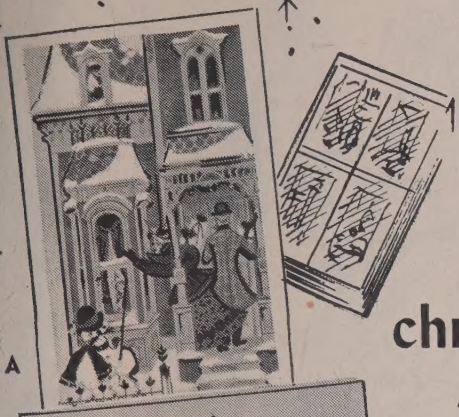

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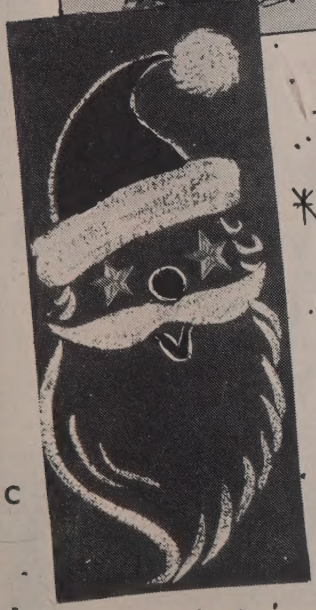

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When Earth Recalls

Alice Morrey Bailey

Beloved symbols grow across the years.
A camel's silhouette against the night,
A lighted pine tree's pungent, jeweled spears,
Beribboned gifts, a yule-log burning bright,
Are emblems hands can touch and eyes may see
This night when joy transforms the hurried throngs,
When earth recalls a Babe's nativity,
And voices ring the world with treasured songs.

Intangible, but real as global sod,
Is brotherhood that binds men to their God,
And power to save the soul with lifting grace
Is vast as light that sweeps through cosmic space.
Deep, deep is love that floods the ages' length
To gird the trembling spirit with its strength.

The Cover: "Mother and Child," From a Painting by Murillo (1617-1682)
A Perry Picture, Copyright 1900

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by Gustav Anderson

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Children in the Scriptures

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
Of the First Presidency

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1955]

MY brethren (by courtesy), and my beloved sisters: It is a great pleasure to meet with you again, as much of a pleasure as it can be when I have to talk.

I greet you as the greatest women's relief organization in the world, great in your ideals, great in your membership, great in proportion to the number of those who are active in your membership, greatest of all in that you were organized by a Prophet of the Lord pursuant to the inspiration which came to him from the Lord.

I have been asked today to speak to you about our children, our grandchildren, our great-grandchildren, and those who are to come hereafter, down to the last generation. I have spoken to you before on these subjects, and today I have nothing new or startling to tell you, really no new field to enter. I am not sure that you will enjoy, particularly, the things that I may have to say or to read. But after thinking over the matter of the request, I concluded perhaps it might be well for me to read to you what the Scriptures say about the children and our relation to them. I found that these Scriptures treated the matter of children from several points of view: one of them was from the relationship of the parent to the child; another, the relationship from the child to the parent; another, the relationship having to do with matters of discipline; another, the relationship of children to the Church; and, finally, a relationship of children to the kingdom of God.

I thought perhaps it might be of value and interest to you if I were to take up a sort of history as disclosed in the more important passages of Scripture, a history of the Lord's instructions regarding children. I have tried to follow along with reasonable accuracy the history as we have it in the Scriptures from the beginning.

I have treated of the Old Testament period, that is, I am reading from the Old Testament period. I am reading from the period in The Book of Mormon before the time of the Savior. I am reading something of the things which the Savior said in Palestine. I am reading more of what the Savior said when he visited the people on this continent after his resurrection. I am reading something of what was said by the prophets thereafter on this hemisphere. And, lastly, I am trying to bring together in some chronological order the things which the Lord has said in our day to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

I hope you will bear with me. I shall not be able to give you a full background, time will not permit,

for the various things about which I shall talk, and concerning which I shall read, but I will give some.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS

I will begin with the great commandment given on Mount Sinai, the earliest, so far as I know, of any direction and command relating generally to the relationship between child and parent:

"Honour thy father and thy mother . . ." declared God on Sinai to Moses for the Children of Israel, ". . . that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Ex. 20:12).

Couched in such general terms, as I take it, it applies not only to the Children of Israel traveling in the wilderness, preparatory to going into the Promised Land, but a commandment and a promise that come to every people of God no matter where they are or in what time they lived. It comes to us as it went to ancient Israel.

And in that connection I have in mind an application of this principle which the Savior made during his ministry in Palestine. He condemned the Jews because they had distorted this command, "Honour thy father and thy mother . . ." so that they had come to the point where they could, under the rabbinical rule, give to the parent a gift called *Corban*, and by that gift relieve themselves of the responsibility of that great commandment of Sinai which the Savior then interpreted to mean that they should care for their fathers and their mothers, in their material needs; and the Savior condemned their practice in terms that were most vigorous.

Now, there are some other expressions in the great Book, in the Old Testament, which relate to the treatment of children, and the attitude of ancient Israel towards children. I am going to read a few of those, taken primarily from Proverbs. The Proverb of 22:6 says:

> Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

That is a universal law, just as applicable today as it was the day it was written.

Then another one is given which does not quite comport with later commandments from the Lord. It says: "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him" (Prov. 22:15). Note, *the rod.*

Proverbs 23:13: "Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die"—regarded perhaps as a comforting assurance.

Finally, Proverbs 29:15: "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

Those were the concepts of the Old Testament, in general.

Perhaps I might finish out this narration by noting the incident of Elisha and the little children at Bethel. They followed him out of the city, mocking him and saying unto him, "Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head," whereupon he turned back, looked at them, and ". . . cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them" (II Kings 2:23-24).

Thus much for children in the Old Testament.

BOOK OF MORMON TEACHINGS BEFORE THE TIME OF CHRIST

In his great farewell address to his people, King Benjamin, on this continent in Old Testament times, gave some great instructions regarding children, that I particularly wish to read to you. They cover a considerable area and contain instructions and comment that are just as pertinent today as they were the day Benjamin pronounced them. The whole concept is different from that of the Old Testament. In his address to his sons Mosiah, Helorum, and Helaman, he said:

"And ye will not suffer your children that they go hungry, or naked;" thus making a very clear declaration regarding the duty of these brethren and of the parents toward their children — "neither will ye suffer that they transgress the laws of God" — they were to see that they lived righteously — "and [not] fight and quarrel one with another" — there was to be peace in the home — "and [not] serve the devil, who is the master of sin, or who is the evil spirit which hath been spoken of by our fathers, he [the devil] being an enemy to all righteousness.

"But ye will teach them to walk in the ways of truth and soberness; ye will teach them to love one another, and to serve one another" (Mosiah 4:14-15).

The association of children together, the plane upon which that association should be placed and lived, the conduct, the whole realm of children's relationship in the family and with neighbors are given here.

Abinadi, preaching to the depraved king Noah and his corrupt priests, declared, first:

"And little children also have eternal life," which seems to be the first recorded expression, which was later enlarged, showing that children until they have reached the age of accountability, have no need for repentance (Mosiah 15:25).

Alma, preaching to the humbled, poverty-stricken Zoramites, and declaring God is merciful to all who believe on his name, declared:

> And now, he imparteth his word by angels unto men, yea, not only men but women also. Now this is not all; little children do have words given unto them many times, which confound the wise and the learned (Alma 32:23).

Those of us who have had children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren know how frequently these little ones come to us with questions and comments which show a seeming profundity of reflection that makes us marvel.

But the words there spoken had a more literal fulfilment, as we shall later point out.

TEACHINGS OF THE SAVIOR IN PALESTINE

Now, I come down to the time of the Savior, and, first, as to his comments in Palestine, I will refer to two well-known incidents. I shall not attempt to describe them, time will not permit. I may, if they should chance to want to print this when I have given it, fill in a little preliminary material. In the great Galilean ministry, at Capernaum, the disciples came to the Savior and said:

. . . Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? (Mt. 18:1).

And the Savior replied:

. . . Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea (Mt. 18:3-6).

The care of children, the respect and consideration to be shown them, the position of those who ill-treat children are here poignantly described.

And here, for the first time in the Holy Writ of Palestine, we come into a larger view regarding the children. There is no suggestion here of the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The spiritual position of children in the kingdom is declared. This is a message of love, of respect, of establishing an example of what all of us should be, if we would enter the kingdom. We must come even as a little child.

Later, during the Perean ministry, the Savior, you will remember, traveling along the way, the multitude came to him and wanted to bring little children to him. The disciples wished to prevent it, but he reproved his disciples in these words:

"But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God," beginning for the first time to give a place to children in the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them (Mark 10:14-16).

TEACHINGS OF THE SAVIOR IN AMERICA

These things happened and were spoken by the Savior regarding children in Palestine. I shall now come to the records of doings in America and point out some of the incidents that took place there.

Christ ministered to the people of America after his resurrection, he having been introduced to the inhabitants here by the Father, on an occasion of divine simplicity and exquisite tenderness and beauty (3 Nephi 11).

To appreciate the peace and calm of the account of Christ's visit to this continent, one should come to the record fresh from the reading of the record of the Gospels describing the Last Supper, the prayer in Gethsemane, the arrest, the trial and the crucifixion of Jesus, the Savior of the world; then the reading of the terrible destruction on this continent at the time of the crucifixion. And after this reading then turn to the record of Christ's work and ministry among those of this land who survived the awful days of the crucifixion, a record that

is a holy benediction upon the mortal ministry of the Atoning Sacrifice, Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

We shall confine ourselves to repeating some of his sayings and doings about and concerning children. The record runs:

> And it came to pass that he commanded that their little children should be brought.
>
> So they brought their little children and set them down upon the ground round about him, and Jesus stood in the midst; and the multitude gave way till they had all been brought unto him . . . (3 Nephi 17:11-12).
>
> And when he had said these words, he wept, and the multitude bare record of it, and he took their little children, one by one, and blessed them, and prayed unto the Father for them (3 Nephi 17:21).

Thus he was repeating here on this land the incident (already noted, above) which took place in Palestine while he was on his way back to Jerusalem from Perea for the crucifixion. The account goes on:

> And when he had done this he wept again;
>
> And he spake unto the multitude, and said unto them: Behold your little ones.
>
> And as they looked to behold they cast their eyes towards heaven, and they saw the heavens open, and they saw angels descending out of heaven as it were in the midst of fire; and they came down and encircled those little ones about, and they were encircled about with fire; and the angels did minister unto them.
>
> And the multitude did see and hear and bear record; and they know that their record is true for they all of them did see and hear . . . (3 Nephi 17:22-25).

Not a few of them saw, not an isolated individual here and there saw, but the whole multitude assembled beheld—they all saw and

> . . . did see and hear, every man for himself; and they were in number about two thousand and five hundred souls; and they did consist of men, women, and children (3 Nephi 17:25).

This shows how precious in the sight of the Lord are the children which we have. And may I remind you, these children did not come to you and ask you to give them bodies, they did not ask you sisters to become mothers and the men to become fathers of their earthly bodies. The Lord commanded, of course, that we should multiply and replenish the earth. But you, of your own volition, created the bodies for the spirits to take, and these little ones were gracious enough to come to the body you created. They are your guests. You, as hosts, owe to them all of the consideration, all of the love, all of the kindness, all of the patience and courtesy and all the other virtues that it is possible for you to give. They are here because you invited them to come. Thank God for their presence.

May I reread a few words:

> And he spake unto the multitude, and said unto them: Behold your little ones.
>
> And as they looked to behold they cast their eyes towards heaven, and they saw the heavens open, and they saw angels descending out of heaven . . . .
>
> And the multitude did see and hear and bear record; and they know that their record is true for they all of them did see and hear . . . (3 Nephi 17:23-25).

The record goes on:

> And it came to pass that he did teach and minister unto the children of the multitude of whom hath been spoken, and he did loose their tongues . . . . (3 Nephi 26:14).

Now I refer back to the earlier statement about the wisdom that comes from children:

> . . . he did loose their tongues, and they did speak unto their fathers great and marvelous things, even greater than he had revealed unto the people; and he loosed their tongues that they could utter.
>
> And it came to pass that after he had ascended into heaven — the second time that he showed himself unto them, and had gone unto the Father, after having healed all their sick, and their lame, and opened the eyes of their blind and unstopped the ears of the deaf, and even had done all manner of cures among them, and raised a man from the dead, and had shown forth his power unto them, and had ascended unto the Father—
>
> Behold, it came to pass on the morrow that the multitude gathered themselves together, and they both saw and heard these children; yea, even babes did open their mouths and utter marvelous things; and the things which they did utter were forbidden that there should not any man write them (3 Nephi 26:14-16).

I am rather persuaded that one of the reasons for forbidding them to write the things that were uttered was that they had no language to express the things which came into their minds and into their hearts by reason of the blessings and ministrations of our Lord and Master, just as we oftentimes have feelings come into our hearts for our loved ones that are beyond our powers to express; or things that come to us under the inspiration of the spirit of the Lord. We have not the language, we have not the capacity really to think out the precise meaning of what so comes to us, what we feel, but we know of the great joy and the great happiness that come when we have these moments of high inspiration, even revelation.

Then the Lord goes on here and talks about baptism for the dead and baptism for children, and that I will not read.

I will close the recitation of what happened at the time that the Savior came here to the people of this land, precious above all other lands, by merely asking you to get your Book of Mormon when you get home and read the whole of Third Nephi. It is an incomparable record of the dealings of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, with the children of our Father in heaven, of whom Christ is our Elder Brother.

As I have indicated, I like to think of the Savior's mission here on this land after his crucifixion, as the benediction of his earthly life. I again ask you to read first the account in the New Testament of all the woe, of all the grief, of all the suffering, of all the anguish, the trial, and the tribulation that came to our Savior, and then pick up your Book of Mormon, turn to Third Nephi, and read what happened here. Read, first, of the marvelous introduction by which the Father introduced the Savior, how the voice came from heaven the first time and they did not understand it. It came the second time; again they could not understand it. It came the third time, and then they understood, for, finally they had brought themselves into that spiritual condition where they could

understand. (3 Nephi 11:1-7.) I have always thought that there was a wonderful lesson here. I wonder how often the Savior and the Father would communicate with us if we but brought ourselves into the frame of mind and the spiritual condition where we could understand their words.

TEACHINGS IN THE BOOK OF MORMON AFTER THE SAVIOR'S VISIT

After the Savior's visit to this continent following his death and resurrection, Mormon wrote an epistle to Moroni, in the course of which he said a few words about children. He said:

> Behold I say unto you that this thing shall ye teach—repentance and baptism unto those who are accountable and capable of committing sin; yea, teach parents that they must repent and be baptized, and humble themselves as their little children, and they shall all be saved with their little children.
>
> And their little children need no repentance, neither baptism. Behold, baptism is unto repentance to the fulfilling the commandments unto the remission of sins.
>
> But little children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world; if not so, God is a partial God, and also a changeable God, and a respecter to persons; for how many little children have died without baptism!
>
> Wherefore, if little children could not be saved without baptism, these must have gone to an endless hell (Moroni 8:10-13).

Then Mormon goes on and talks about baptism, but I will not read all of that, but he comes to this expression:

> And I am filled with charity, which is everlasting love; wherefore, all children are alike unto me; wherefore, I love little children with a perfect love; and they are all alike and partakers of salvation.
>
> For I know that God is not a partial God, neither a changeable being; but he is unchangeable from all eternity to all eternity.
>
> Little children cannot repent; wherefore, it is awful wickedness to deny the pure mercies of God unto them, for they are all alive in him because of his mercy.
>
> And he that saith that little children need baptism denieth the mercies of Christ, and setteth at naught the atonement of him and the power of his redemption . . . .
>
> For behold that all little children are alive in Christ, and also all they that are without the law. For the power of redemption cometh on all them that have no law; wherefore, he that is not condemned, or he that is under no condemnation, cannot repent; and unto such baptism availeth nothing (Moroni 8:17-20; 22).

These words give clearly the position of children in the kingdom of God. They cannot sin, they have no need of baptism, they go to our Heavenly Father, and unless we become as little children, we may not hope to come thus to our Father. Here is the first clear exposition that I have found in the Scriptures, of the spiritual status of children, and their place in the kingdom of God.

TEACHINGS THROUGH THE PROPHET JOSEPH

We come now to strictly modern revelation, not only brought forth in modern times, as in The Book of Mormon, but actually revealed from heaven in our day.

The revelations given to the Prophet Joseph on the question of children began almost a year before the organization of the Church.

The first one noted was in June of 1829. A couple of months thereafter, according to Brother Kirkham's computation, the copy for The Book of Mormon went to the printers. I often think that these early revelations may have come to the Prophet to settle questions that had arisen in his mind because of the teachings of The Book of Mormon; we know that certain questions did so arise; he has told us so. But I think that many other things were revealed that were the result of questions raised by The Book of Mormon record, and among such thought-provoking questions, as I am inclined to believe, are these statements that I have read to you of King Benjamin and others and then from the Savior himself, and then from Mormon,—I say, I am inclined to think that these principles and doctrines recorded in The Book of Mormon, had raised questions in the Prophet's mind, and gradually the Lord answered them.

I might say here, I am fully persuaded that the Lord never at any time in the whole history of his dealings with the human family, undertook to give all of his commandments and reveal the principles of the gospel for that particular dispensation all at one time, at the beginning of the dispensation. In all dispensations the words of the Lord have come gradually as they are needed, step by step, commandment upon commandment, direction upon direction, and that is the way the revelations have come in this Last Dispensation of the Fullness of Times.

I am reading now from the 18th section, the 42nd verse, of the Doctrine and Covenants. It is very short:

> For all men must repent and be baptized, and not only men, but women, and children who have arrived at the years of accountability (D. & C. 18:42).

We are not told what that age of accountability is. The Lord now begins to draw a distinction between the time when the child is not accountable and the time when the child is accountable.

Just about the time of the organization of the Church, the revelation was received, printed now as the 20th section, that great section in the Doctrine and Covenants which relates to the organization of the Church. The Lord then said this:

> Every member of the church of Christ having children is to bring them unto the elders before the church, who are to lay their hands upon them in the name of Jesus Christ, and bless them in his name.
>
> No one can be received into the church of Christ unless he has arrived unto the years of accountability before God, and is capable of repentance (D. & C. 20:70-71).

Here is a very clear statement about eligibility for Church membership, and inferentially the purpose and efficacy of baptism.

In September of that same year, five months later than the revelation I have just read, the Lord said this about little children:

> But, behold, I say unto you, that little children are redeemed from the foundation of the world through mine Only Begotten;
>
> Wherefore, they cannot sin, for power is not given unto Satan to tempt little

children, until they begin to become accountable before me;

For it is given unto them even as I will, according to mine own pleasure, that great things may be required at the hand of their fathers (D. & C. 29:46-48).

The Lord is again declaring the status of children before and after their accountability.

The next that I wish to read to you occurred a year after the organization of the Church. This is a very interesting revelation. It shows how early the Lord instructed the Church in our day to give attention to the children. He said (this came in June, 1831):

"And again, you shall be ordained to assist my servant Oliver Cowdery" — this was given to William W. Phelps — "to do the work of printing, and of selecting and writing books for schools in this church, that little children also may receive instruction before me as is pleasing unto me" (D. & C. 55:4).

Thus in June, 1831 — the Lord revealed his care and concern for the instruction, the education, of little children, the little ones, in order that they might grow up understanding the principles of the gospel.

In January of 1832, the Lord again spoke. The fathers of Jewish children had been desirous that their children be circumcised, and the Lord, speaking of this as an unholy tradition, said:

"But little children are holy, being sanctified through the atonement of Jesus Christ; and this is what the scriptures mean (D. & C. 74:7). Here is another statement regarding the spiritual status of children.

Before that (in November of 1831), as he was sending Orson Hyde, Luke S. Johnson, Lyman E. Johnson, and William E. M'Lellin on missions, he gave a revelation to them and in that revelation he touched upon this question of children (D. & C. 68:25-28).

He declared that the words of missionaries spoken as moved upon by the Holy Ghost should be Scripture; he sent them forth to baptize and to appoint more bishops, and declared the position in this relation of the literal descendants of Aaron. He then gave commandments concerning children that should be in our minds.

The Lord first sets out the duties of parents to teach their children the principles of the gospel, and announces a penalty if the parents fail. He says:

And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized (D. & C. 68:25-26).

Thus this commandment is for the whole Church. The revelation continues:

And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands (D. & C. 68:27).

Thus parents are charged with the responsibility to see that their

children shall become members of the Church at the time when they are eight years old; they are to be baptized. This is the first time observed in the revelations when the Lord fixes the age of accountability. Prior to this time, and speaking of the spiritual relationship of children to the kingdom, he spoke merely of the time while they were not accountable. Now he fixes the age.

The revelation then says:

> And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord (D. & C. 68:28).

We seek our Heavenly Father through prayer. It seems that when the Lord was on the earth, he never approached a great event or a seeming crisis in his earth-life, without first going to his Father in prayer. You will recall that Amulek, in his great sermon to the multitude, told us the things about which we might pray (Alma 34:17 ff.). This great message is worth reading and rereading, and I would like to call your particular attention to the admonition which he gave to the multitude when he recounted how vain would be their prayers if they turned away the needy and the naked and visited not the sick and afflicted and imparted not of their substance (Alma 34:28).

And, as to this matter of prayer, remember also that the Lord has told us that the Father knows what we need even before we ask for it (Mt. 6:8). He knows what would be wise for us to have with an infinite knowledge of us and of our characters, our failings, our virtues. It is not necessary, therefore, to give long and repetitious prayers for the Father's sake or need. But yet he has commanded us to pray, and pray we should.

Out of the many reasons and objects of prayer, there may be this great function: it helps to bring our minds upon ourselves; it helps us to make a sort of self-analysis of ourselves so that we come to a knowledge of our weaknesses and imperfections and of those matters concerning which we need the help of the Lord. We force ourselves to screen our petitions; it helps us not to ask the Lord for foolish, vain, or unnecessary things. The Lord is no wiser when we finish the prayer than he was before we began, but we, if we have prayed properly, have a better appreciation of ourselves and of our needs.

The revelation goes on: "And the inhabitants of Zion shall also observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy" (D. & C. 68:29).

This, of course, refers to the children also, for they are among the inhabitants of Zion. The great commandment of Sinai, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy," was given to all Israel, ancient and modern, and to all the inhabitants of the earth, children as well as adults.

The revelation next says:

> And the inhabitants of Zion also shall remember their labors, inasmuch as they are appointed to labor, in all faithfulness; for the idler shall be had in remembrance before the Lord.
>
> Now, I, the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness (D. & C. 68:30-31).

You will note that the Lord calls attention to the duties of the laborer to perform his appointed tasks and he calls attention to the idlers. I forego even citing to you the various commandments where the Lord in our day condemned idlers, but here, in this revelation, is one case in which he refers to the idleness of children, an idleness which quite obviously he regards as serious because he recognizes that the children of idlers are growing up in wickedness and intimates that they seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness.

It would not be amiss if you were to look up the references to idleness in the Doctrine and Covenants and learn just what the Lord has said about it. Idleness is one of the great contributing causes for the taking away from Zion of the great principle of the United Order. All of these commandments are just as pertinent now as they were the day they were uttered.

We then come to the specific direction made to Oliver Cowdery, not specially mentioned earlier in the revelation. The Lord instructed him thusly:

> These things ought not to be, and must be done away from among them; wherefore, let my servant Oliver Cowdery carry these sayings unto the land of Zion (D. & C. 68:32).

These doctrines were to be broadcast to the saints in Zion.

The Lord then returns to the matter of prayer and declares:

> And a commandment I give unto them —that he that observeth not his prayers before the Lord in the season thereof, let him be had in remembrance before the judge of my people.
>
> These sayings are true and faithful; wherefore, transgress them not, neither take therefrom.
>
> Behold, I am Alpha and Omega, and I come quickly. Amen (D. & C. 68:33-35).

Thus the Lord makes clear that the man who does not observe his prayers is to be taken before the judge, that is, before the bishop. Prayer is required.

All these commandments and directions, these expressions of rewards and punishments, have to do with parents, and, of course, with children after they have reached the age of accountability. And it appears clear that children before they reach the age of accountability are to be trained as herein directed in order that when they do so reach that age and are baptized, they will not depart from the righteousness of life which they theretofore lived (D. & C. 68).

Then, still later, the Lord gave that great revelation which deals with the conditions, in part, that we have today. This revelation dealt with the relationship of parent to child, child to parent, and of the Church to the widow and the orphan. I am reading Section 83:

> Verily, thus saith the Lord, in addition to the laws of the church concerning women and children, those who belong to the church, who have lost their husbands or fathers:
>
> Women have claim on their husbands for their maintenance, until their husbands are taken; and if they are not found transgressors they shall have fellowship in the church.

And if they are not faithful they shall not have fellowship in the church; yet they may remain upon their inheritances according to the laws of the land.

All children have claim upon their parents for their maintenance until they are of age.

And after that, they have claim upon the church, or in other words upon the Lord's storehouse, if their parents have not wherewith to give them inheritances.

And the storehouse shall be kept by the consecrations of the church; and widows and orphans shall be provided for, as also the poor (D. & C. 83:1-6).

That revelation was given April 30, 1832, during the time the United Order was in operation in Zion—that is, in Missouri. This was over two years before the revelation given at Fishing River, which suspended the operation of the United Order. The present great Welfare Plan measurably meets the requirements of this revelation.

And then, finally, I come to the great revelation that was given on May 6, 1833. The First Presidency had recently been organized, and the Lord spoke to the First Presidency and to the bishop of Kirtland. I am going to read to you what he said to them:

But I have commanded you to bring up your children in light and truth.

But verily I say unto you, my servant Frederick G. Williams, you have continued under this condemnation;

You have not taught your children light and truth, according to the commandments; and that wicked one hath power, as yet, over you, and this is the cause of your affliction (D. & C. 93:40-42).

I want you to note that declaration: failure to teach and bring up your family in the right way may lead to afflictions. It brought them to Frederick G. Williams.

And now a commandment I give unto you—if you will be delivered you shall set in order your own house, for there are many things that are not right in your house (D. & C. 93:43).

To deliver ourselves from affliction, we must set our houses in order.

The Lord then speaks to Sidney Rigdon:

Verily, I say unto my servant Sidney Rigdon, that in some things he hath not kept the commandments concerning his children; therefore, first set in order thy house (D. & C. 93:44).

Again, is the command our houses must be set in order.

Then the Lord speaks to the Prophet Joseph, himself. I have always felt that this revelation was one evidence of the integrity and truthfulness of Joseph; he does not hesitate to record a reproof to himself.

"Verily, I say unto my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., or in other words, I will call you friends"—the Lord does not wish them to understand that he is chastizing too severely, he is pointing out the way to obtain blessings — "for you are my friends, and ye shall have an inheritance with me—I called you servants for the world's sake, and ye are their servants for my sake" (D. & C. 93:45-46). I call your attention to the lofty concept voiced in this sentence.

The Lord continues:

> And now, verily I say unto Joseph Smith, Jun.—You have not kept the commandments, and must needs stand rebuked before the Lord;
>
> Your family must needs repent and forsake some things, and give more earnest heed unto your sayings, or be removed out of their place.
>
> What I say unto one I say unto all; pray always lest that wicked one have power in you, and remove you out of your place (D. & C. 93:47-49).

If we do not live as the Lord commands, we shall be removed "out of our place."

Finally, to the bishop of Kirtland, the Lord addresses words of reproof and counsel:

> My servant Newel K. Whitney also, a bishop of my church, hath need to be chastened, and set in order his family, and see that they are more diligent and concerned at home, and pray always, or they shall be removed out of their place (D. & C. 93:50).

Once more, the command to set our homes in order.

These, so far as I have seen, are among the essential commandments that have been given in our day regarding children.

They clearly set forth the duties of parents to children, the position of children in the kingdom of God, and with equal clearness set forth that these children are ours to be cared for by us.

Now, may I add just a word or two to what I have already said. Always remember the devil is not asleep, nor is he dead. I wonder if you have considered, I know you have, the problems, the new problems which you of this generation now meet. There comes into the home of every one of you, practically, by radio, or by television, or both, and in the movies, at the theaters, words and pictures whereby your children have presented to them all of the allurements of the idle life, the life of the idle rich. Pictured in the finest pictures that can be made are the so-called pleasures of that life. Your children see and hear all these things.

Hour after hour they listen to or see, or both, the criminal side of our society. Do you appreciate that they are receiving an education in crime? Radio, television particularly, pictures out great criminal incidents happening in our daily lives. Small children today know far more about crime and the way it is committed and how it is planned and how the law may be evaded and the criminals escape, than most of us who are mature.

I grant you that usually the end of the picture or radio story brings its moral, the guilty criminal meets his punishment, but in the meanwhile every child has seen what that criminal has done up to that point to commit his crime, escape punishment, and has seen how the criminal worked out his criminal, even murderous designs.

And, lastly, your children see the pseudo-attractiveness of vice, the pleasures which allegedly vice can bring, they see the wayward life, the life not in harmony with our standards, the life that leads down to perdition. All are shown with an alluring glamour, a seductive persuasiveness that charms the children, the youth, the grownups, so that sometimes almost unconsciously they seek the ways of such a life.

I appreciate the problems which Sunday brings you because of your television and your radio. I can only hope and pray that the Lord will bless you and help you to meet this new threat to the standards lived by your children, and their conduct among themselves. I am quite aware of the great blessings that the radio and television bring to us, and the great service they may be brought to render in the cause of truth. But now I am not dwelling on the blessings. I am thinking of the ills, the criminal instincts that are fostered and displayed in all these things.

May the Lord bless you and help you to meet these things, help you to cope with them, give you wisdom of a different kind than has been called for in the past, wisdom as great as ever was bestowed upon any people to meet all these temptations. This I pray for you.

Mothers of Israel, in your hands primarily lie the rearing and guiding of the future generation, the one that follows ours; seek to guide your children aright that they may righteously carry on. But you cannot do this by lodging your child in some kind of a caretaking establishment while you go out to earn more money, perhaps to get a few more comforts or luxuries. Sometimes it may be necessary for a mother to leave her home and leave her children to a neighbor, to the older but immature brother or sister, or in so-styled nursery homes, but I beseech you mothers in Israel, make any of these courses your very last resort of necessity and be sure the reason for your action is one that would be recognized by our Heavenly Father as justifying your lack of care for the spirit which he has permitted to come to you at your invitation.

God bless you in the great work you have done and are doing. I believe I appreciate how great this organization is, and I appreciate how you are worked by the brethren. If it were not for the work which you do for the brethren, we brethren would be a pretty sad lot. I hope the brethren will try not to ruin your health and lives in doing the work which they ought to do.

God bless you, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Christmas Hope

Catherine E. Berry

Though the dark may hover
And winds increase,
And we search in vain
For the light of peace;
The world is still trying
For brotherhood,
And hearts are seeking
The true and the good.

Though we may falter
And lose our way,
We still search the heavens,
We still can pray;
And a light still glows
In a stable bare,
For the hope of the world
Is shining there.

The Annual General Relief Society Conference – 1955

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

THE annual general Relief Society conference was held in Salt Lake City Wednesday and Thursday, September 28 and 29. There were 221 stakes and twelve missions represented by 1,917 officers; 1,871 from the stakes and 46 from the missions. While mission presidents were not in attendance at the conference, several missions were represented by district officers. The general session held in the Tabernacle was crowded and many stood.

Two Officers Meetings were held in the Tabernacle on Wednesday. The morning meeting was addressed by President Spafford who gave Official Instructions, by Elder Adam S. Bennion of the Council of the Twelve, and by Elizabeth W. Romney, former President of the Central American Mission Relief Society, who reported on that mission. The Berkeley (California) Stake Singing Mothers chorus of 100 voices, Emma C. Harmon, director, sang two beautiful numbers.

At the afternoon meeting, Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve, an advisor to Relief Society, gave an address. A symposium on Relief Society meetings was presented, followed by addresses by Counselor Marianne C. Sharp and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen. Two inspiring numbers were sung by the Sugar House (Utah) Stake Singing Mothers chorus of 121 voices under the direction of Ann T. Jones.

The annual reception, attended by an unusually large number, was held Wednesday evening in the Lafayette Ballroom of the Hotel Utah.

Featured this year, in order to give leaders more specific help, were the following departmental sessions held simultaneously Thursday afternoon in several nearby buildings: executive, music, *Relief Society Magazine*, theology, visiting teaching, work meeting, literature, and social science.

The general session held Thursday afternoon included addresses by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, Counselor Velma N. Simonsen, and Josie B. Bay of the general board. The Singing Mothers chorus, of more than 550 voices from the American Falls, Bannock, Blackfoot, East Rigby, Idaho, Idaho Falls, Lost River, North Idaho Falls, North Pocatello, North Rexburg, Pocatello, Portneuf, Rexburg, Rigby, Shelley, South Blackfoot, South Idaho Falls, Star Valley, Teton, West Pocatello, and Yellowstone Stakes, furnished the music. The chorus was directed by Florence J. Madsen, who also directed the congregational singing.

Elder Roy M. Darley was organist for the Officers Meetings, and Elder Frank W. Asper was organist

PARTICIPANTS IN SOCIAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENTAL MEETING OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE

September 29, 1955

Left to right: Elder Albert R. Bowen, author of the Social Science course of study; Elder G. Homer Durham, Vice-President, University of Utah; Alberta H. Christensen, member, General Board of Relief Society, and Chairman of the Social Science Committee.

The charts here illustrated were prepared by the Park Stake Relief Society, Salt Lake City, Utah, and were among a series of similar visual aids prepared by the various stakes.

for the general session. The large Singing Mothers chorus also furnished the music at the Sunday sessions of the semi-annual conference of the Church in the absence of the Tabernacle Choir, most members of which had not returned from the Choir's European tour.

The following addresses have already appeared in the November issue of the *Magazine*: "The Rewards of Service in Relief Society," by President Belle S. Spafford; "Examples of the Believers," by Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; "Be Thou Humble; and the Lord Thy God Shall Lead Thee by the Hand," by Counselor Velma N. Simonsen; "Report and Official Instructions," by President Belle S. Spafford. The address by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., appears in this issue of the *Magazine*. Other addresses will appear as follows: by Elder Mark E. Petersen in the January 1956 issue of the *Magazine*; by Elder Adam S. Bennion in February; by Josie B. Bay in March. Some additional instructions will also appear in later issues of the *Magazine*.

The Western Sign

Elsie F. Parton

". . . Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God, that I remember one nation like unto another? . . ." (2 Nephi 29:8).

It was sunset in the western land,
Yet light shone on the earth.
It was the sign by Samuel told,
To herald Jesus' birth.

Six hundred years had passed and gone
Since Lehi and his band
Took journey from Jerusalem
To seek the promised land.

They traveled to the far unknown,
By land and over "the wall,"
The light of faith to spur them on
Wherever their God should call.

A sign beheld, by prophets told,
A night with glory bright—
A witness to the western world
Of Christ, the Life and Light.

And far away in Bethlehem
His star shone in the sky;
The heavens were rent and angels sang
Glory to God on high.

The Scarlet Cloak of Love

Lane Stanaway Christian

CORA May Ainslee stood at the ironing board in the cluttered dining room, a tall, slender figure in a blue house coat. A curtain of gleaming wheat-colored hair fell across her narrow pixie face as she inclined her head intently toward her work, and, with each stamp of the iron, she impressed her intense dislike of winter on the damp cloth that covered her old navy gabardine skirt.

Her mind had swung round and round in circles that morning examining every possibility for a winter coat of some kind. The coats that had come in clothing boxes from more affluent relatives had long since been fashioned into warm outer garments for the smaller children. Some girls could borrow their mothers' coats, she thought, but I can't remember when Mom last had a new coat. If only I hadn't grown so this last year!

True, the rip in her old coat where she'd caught it on the fence near the barn was mended so neatly that it scarcely showed at all, but the coat was unfashionably short, and the sleeves left her slim wrists bare inches above the delicate knuckle bones.

Yes, winter was a disappointment. Last summer when she'd begun to go around with Paul Woodland she'd been able to get by, and even until now she'd worn the old coat regally slung over her shoulders, and just let it drop onto the car seat before they went in to the movie, dance, or church meeting; hugging herself and laughing as though it were all a mad adventure. But today was different!

Today she would go with Paul to his home for dinner, and, because the shabby, nondescript coat was uppermost in her mind, she was quite sure that Paul's folks would not think it any mad adventure, if she suddenly appeared coatless and shivering. It was more likely they would think her quite mad, period! Even label her a careless girl quite unsuited for their Paul.

"I'm not really afraid of Paul's folks," Cora May reminded herself sternly. "They've been wonderful to me!"

It buoyed her spirits to recall the holiday dinner that Paul's folks had shared with hers. Mr. Woodland had seemed to enjoy himself! He'd gone out of his way to play with the smaller children. Mrs. Woodland had seemed to enjoy herself, too, helping Cora May and Mom in the kitchen, stirring gravy, mashing potatoes, cutting vegetables for the salad. Their tongues had flown as fast as their fingers after dinner to make short work of the stacks of dishes. And, later, when Mom showed Mrs. Woodland how to make a crochet edging like the one on the bathroom towels, she'd seemed genuinely thrilled.

Yet when Cora May went to the Woodland home, it all seemed different somehow. There wasn't the noisy confusion and laughter for one

thing. The older Woodland boys were married, Paul was the youngest, and he was away at school during the fall and winter months. There was an atmosphere, almost austere, about the Woodland's home; the thick, soft carpeting in the living room, mahogany furniture that always gleamed with a high polish; all were formidably immaculate, and Cora May stepped carefully for fear she might disarrange something.

SHE kept telling herself that it was foolish of her, and yet she always managed to feel a little bit frowsy and unkempt in front of the Woodlands, and today she knew that the old coat was not going to add any to her assurance.

She bit her lip gently to keep back the quick rush of tears. She did so want everything to be perfect today, because Paul had hinted very broadly in his last weekly letter from school that he had a surprise for her, and Cora May was quite sure that it was . . . the ring!

"Look, Cory," Brandy interrupted her thoughts, holding up a pair of loafers so black and shining that their vamps gleamed like mirrors, "mutton tallow's best for shining. Didn't I polish them well this time?"

Cora May grinned at her brother as she set the iron down long enough to slip her narrow bare feet into the shoes.

"You're my darling!" she exclaimed. "I'll bet Santa will treat you well this year!"

She ran her fingers lovingly through his tumbled hair and was rewarded with a grin that wriggled his mustache of breakfast cocoa rakishly.

"Tell me again what we're going to do today, Cory," Brandy asked for the tenth time, eyes alight with anticipation.

"Who's a pest?" Cora May teased, testing the iron against her finger.

"Please, Cory." The pleading in his small voice was irresistible.

"Well, after lunch Paul is coming for us," she began.

"In his jalopy?" Brandy put in.

"No!" Cora May's eyes twinkled, and her face wore its story-telling look. "He's coming in a pumpkin with six white rats and a liveried footman."

"Aw! You're spoofing!"

She could tell that Brandy was enjoying it, but truth was more fascinating to him right now than stories.

"Well, maybe he's coming in his jalopy this time, and we're going in to town. We'll drive right up to the park where all the children are waiting . . . ."

"An' then we hear the bells and Sandy Claws comes and says hello and all the kids get a present!" Brandy finished triumphantly.

Cory hugged him tight to her for a moment before she hung her skirt away carefully, and put the ironing board back into the big linen press.

"Want your Christmas present a little early?" Mrs. Ainslee asked, coming into the room with a coat hanger wrapped and swaddled in newspapers.

For a moment hope leaped in Cora May's heart, but no! The wrappings were too short to cover a coat, and besides, who knew better

than she that there hadn't been money from milk check, pigs, or eggs for a long time.

Cora had earned the money herself last fall for a winter coat and had even picked it out. It seemed as though she'd crawled a million miles on her knees dragging a harness, picking up potatoes to earn the money. And then, right after that, while she still had the money tucked away in the bottom of an old chocolate box in her bureau drawer, Brandy had another of his throat infections. The worst he'd ever had this time. The doctor had said that he must have his tonsils out. The doctor would wait for his money, but the hospital wouldn't wait. So there went Cora May's coat! Strange, though, she hadn't felt one bit of regret at the time, and, even now, the thoughts of the change in Brandy could warm her heart more than any coat. Why, he hadn't had a sick day this winter!

THE family gathered around to watch Cora May unwrap her Christmas present. Even father had been summoned from the barn. He came in stamping the snow from his feet in the back entry, swinging his long muscular arms to bring a glow back into his chilled body. Cora May noticed the way his eyes swung quickly to her mother. Ern and Bill crowded in after her father, trying to see over his tall stooped shoulders, then giving up to duck under his arms.

They all made way for Pete and his crutches. With the dexterity of twelve years of practice, Pete swung his twisted lower limbs into a chair, and Phyllis, his able-bodied twin, slid the crutches quickly out of sight under the dining table.

"It's blue! It's blue!" Colleen shouted, shoving her jacks and ball into the pocket of her jeans.

Bill's hand covered Colleen's mouth quickly. "Don't you dare tell!" He spoke in a voice that just recently had begun to slide up and down the scale without warning.

Mom gave the already clean table one more wipe with the dish towel, and Cora May started to remove the sewing pins with eager fingers. She pulled the wrappings away carefully, and then, when the last covering was lifted, there was a moment of utter silence in the room, followed by a medley of indrawn gasps.

It was blue! The sapphire blue of Cora May's enchanted, starry eyes—the most breathtakingly beautiful blouse she had ever seen.

"Real silk!" She breathed, "and the ruffles . . .! I . . . I . . . I'm nearly speechless!"

Tears stood in her eyes, and she straightened so they wouldn't fall on the blouse. One slim, trembling forefinger touched a ruffle, and a puzzled look crossed her face. There was something about the wonderful fabric . . . something . . . .

"Mom!" She sought her mother's eyes, caught the second's trembling of the older woman's mouth. "It's the wedding robe. The one Grandmother gave you, that she wore, and you wore . . . . Oh! Mom!"

"I don't care." Mom looked back defiantly. "It wasn't doing anyone any good in that trunk. Just a nuisance to shake out and air and rewrap every year. I was going to give it to you, anyway, when you

and Paul . . . ." She turned away, her hands lingering for a moment on a fold of the material, "But you're so tall, like your father. Gram and I were short. You couldn't have worn it like it was. You can wear it with a suit on your wedding trip."

Gradually the excitement that had built up in the room died away, leaving a quiet happiness in its place. Colleen went back to her jacks and ball, and Pete and Phyllis took up their task of sewing rags for a rug they were braiding for Pete's room. Dad, Bill, and Ern went back to the chores.

Cora May examined the blouse carefully, held it up to her for her mother's approval, laid it down again, slipping the muslin padded hanger carefully into the shoulders, while Mom explained, as women do, the details of design. There were four rows of dainty narrow ruffles on the tiny cap sleeves, and four more in a half circle on the bodice.

"I never thought I'd ever own anything so beautiful in my life," Cora May exclaimed for the third time, "I can hardly wait for Paul to see it."

She pressed her glowing face for a moment against her mother's cheek, love swelling her heart almost painfully, clogging her throat with a lump of grateful tears.

"How can I ever thank you?"

She watched as Mom turned away, blew her nose vigorously, and smoothed the apron across her thickened waist.

"I think the water in the tank is hot enough for your bath. Best you get to it before someone else beats you to the bathroom," Mom tried to speak matter-of-factly.

Paul arrived early, flatteringly early, as usual. Cora May was watching Mom shape the big pan of bread dough into loaves.

"I feel lazy and useless, letting you do my job," she said, jumping off the stool, "let me grease the pans."

"Don't even come near in all your best clothes." Mom's hands made quick work of the pans, and then she slapped a bubbly chunk of dough onto the board, twisted it expertly and slapped it into place. "Cora May, you do look pretty!"

"He's here! He's here!" Brandy shouted, catapulting himself into the kitchen.

CORA May laughed. The freckled tip of Brandy's nose was white where he'd kept it pressed against the parlor window watching for Paul.

She could see Paul through the window over the sink, making giant strides through the deep snow of the lane, his boot buckles flapping at every step, his unzipped jacket floating out behind him.

"Why didn't you come right in? You don't have to knock!" Cora May scolded, answering his summons at the back door. Her glance clung hungrily to his face, memorizing again after six weeks the way his auburn hair turned in smooth waves back from his wide brow, the deep brown eyes, the lean planes of his cheeks, wide tender mouth, and deeply cleft chin.

Paul's look was equally hungry. He made a brief pantomime of staggering back at sight of her, wiping his eyes with the back of his hands,

while Mom laughed heartily at his antics.

"How do you do it?" he asked in mock disbelief. "Honest, Mom Ainslee, isn't she prettier every time I come?"

Brandy was struggling valiantly with the pants to his snowsuit. Mom finished the shaping of the last loaf of bread, and hurried to help him. Cora May tied a snowy white scarf over her head, pulled on the long white rubber boots she'd scrubbed so carefully this morning, and threw the detested gray coat over her shoulders. She hated to cover the lovely blue blouse with the ugly coat. Then, reluctantly, she shoved her arms into the too-short sleeves. She wouldn't be able to leave the coat in the car today. It was too bitterly cold.

The clock stood at one as they drove into the little park across from the railroad station. Snow glistened like diamonds under a pale sun.

"Look," Cora May said, "it's only one o'clock. Santa doesn't make his appearance until two thirty."

"How long is that, Cory? How long is that? Is it long?" Brandy's face was a study in disappointment.

"It's pretty long yet, partner. What do you say if we go out and see my Mom for a while?" Paul's arm around Brandy's shoulders was affectionately sympathetic. "Mom's doing something you'll be interested in."

Cora May's heart sank, and then, as quickly she chided herself. If she was going to marry Paul, it was time she got over this reluctance to visit his folks. She'd make herself get over it.

Paul parked the car in the driveway by the kitchen door. Cora May sat for a moment looking at the Woodland's house, a neat, imposing edifice of rose-colored brick, cream siding, and wide picture windows. She huddled into the shabby coat, and the back door was not closed behind them before she had shrugged out of it and hung it quickly over the back of one of the breakfast room chairs.

THE usually spotless kitchen was a confusion of pots and pans and fragrant baking. The breakfast nook table was covered with row upon row of cookies. There were bells, Santa Clauses, stars, and Christmas trees. Plain cookies and cookies iced with sugar frosting and colored sprinkles.

Brandy circled the table delightedly.

Mrs. Woodland's usually serene face was flushed. There was a streak of flour on one side of her chin, and a wisp of damp hair hung in a curl in the middle of her forehead. She shoved a pan of cookies quickly into the oven and started the hot water into the dishpan.

"You two are the answer to a mother's prayer!" she exclaimed, measuring soap into the dish water. "I need more hands today. Dad set up the crib in the spare room, and brought the high chair up from the basement. He even helped frost the cookies, but he's given up. I've a meeting at two, and I must get this mess cleaned up."

"Let me wash!" Cora May said eagerly, reaching for the dish cloth.

"No, indeed." Mrs. Woodland eyed Cora May. "That's the most adorable blouse I ever saw, and, if

you splash it, you'll ruin it." She bustled out of the room and came back with an apron for Cora May. "I'll wash, and you and Paul dry, and maybe I *will* get done today."

Between the three of them, they made quick work of the dishes. Brandy was content at the breakfast room window with two cookies of his own choosing, and a delightful view of the cedar waxwings that cavorted with crumbs, and suet around the bird table in the back garden.

Cora May spread long strips of wax paper and a thin white cloth over the cookies on the table while Paul swept the floor.

Funny, she thought, I don't feel so awkward here today. It's more like home.

"Go in and talk to Dad for a few minutes," Mrs. Woodland suggested. "I'll hurry and I can ride over to the chapel with you."

Cora May reached around to untie the sashes of the apron. She felt a warm hand close over hers, and then Paul's arms were around her, his lips tender against her temple.

"Now I've got you!" He chuckled as he tied a series of knots in her apron strings, "All tied up in my kitchen where you belong!"

Cora May raised her face to Paul, her eyes star-bright with happiness. And then—the kiss, different somehow from the goodnight kisses they had known before. A kiss that asked a question.

"Hey," Paul said, his mouth curved in a smile, and his eyes tender with love, "I got the cart before the horse. That was supposed to be our first engagement kiss."

She saw the first exquisite flash of the small diamond as he opened a small box. Dreamily she watched as he fitted it on her engagement finger, and his lips sealed the vow.

"How about the second engagement kiss?"

Mutely, she offered her mouth again, her hands clinging against his wide shoulders.

"Well!" Brandy's voice broke the spell, "you ought to be in the movies. That was just like . . . ."

"Not quite." Paul's arms let her go unwillingly. "If this were the movies I'd be on my knees and Cora May would say 'this is so sudden.' "

Their laughter pealed through the kitchen.

"What are you up to?" Mr. Woodland called from the living room.

CORA May removed the apron after a brief tussle with the knots. Half shyly she went with Paul to his father.

"Just getting engaged, is all," Paul answered his father's question. He pulled Cora May into the living room, holding her left hand out for his father to see.

"Well! It's about time!" Cora May watched, startled, as Mr. Woodland jumped to his feet. "I'm sure, Cora May, that Paul inherits his good taste from me."

A flush crept over Cora May's neck and face as Mr. Woodland gave her a kiss on the cheek. Mrs. Woodland came in to hear the news and add her congratulations. Cora May was almost breathless with excitement.

"Now that you're practically in the family I can impose on you,

Cora May," Mrs. Woodland said, laughing. "I still have to finish packing this one box to give to a family in need. Will you help me, dear?"

"Can Paul and I help?" Mr. Woodland called as they left the room.

"You can help best by staying there," his wife teased. "Anyway, this is woman's work!"

Cora May sat on a low slipper chair in the bedroom while Mrs. Woodland rummaged through drawers and closets.

At last the box was almost full. Mrs. Woodland spread a piece of newspaper across the top to protect the clothing underneath, and packed several pairs of shoes atop the paper. She stood a minute with the last pair cupped in her hand. There was a soft, tremulous look about her mouth as Cora May watched.

"Somehow I always hate to part with a pair of shoes," she said softly, and then she giggled like a young girl. "It reminds me of something that happened when Dad and I were courting. We went to a dance one night. My sister and a boy named Delbert Brown were with us. When we danced, Sis and Del sat in the car. When Sis and Del danced, we sat in the car. It was all part of a plan that Sis and I had worked out very carefully. And everything went fine until intermission when the boys wanted to go in for punch and cookies. Then we had to tell them that we were taking turns with one pair of shoes. I thought I'd die of shame, but Dad told me later that it was the first time he realized how much he loved me."

She wrinkled her nose, and she and Cora May laughed. Then she whirled to the closet for one last look.

"I wonder," the older woman said with a thoughtful look on her face, "would I ever dare to wear this coat? I feel guilty every time I look at it. I couldn't resist it at the January coat sales last winter. Even though I knew that it was far too youthful for me, that tag marked down half price was too much temptation."

Cora May looked at the coat, and her hand went out of its own volition to stroke the soft, silky nap of the wool. It was a lovely garment, bright scarlet with deep cuffs and a luxurious stand-up collar. It was almost more than Cora May could bear to think of it going into the box when she needed a coat so badly.

WITH a wrench, Cora May tore her eyes away from the beautiful wrap. She mustn't just sit here looking so hungrily at it. To cover her longing and confusion she turned back and began to fold paper across the top of the box. Someone else would wear the coat. Someone who needed it as badly as she.

"Cora May!" Mrs. Woodland sounded excited, and when Cora May looked up she saw the older woman measuring her with her eyes. "Stand up, dear, maybe you could wear the coat!"

In a moment Cora May was enfolded in luxurious soft warmth.

"It was made for you!" Mrs. Woodland exclaimed. "You must

have it. Even if you don't need it. Then I won't feel so guilty about making such an unwise purchase."

Remembering the story Mrs. Woodland had told her about the shoes, Cora May suddenly knew that she needn't ever pretend in front of her again.

"Don't feel that I'm doing you a favor," she said with tears of gratitude in her eyes. "I've been just desperate for a coat."

Mrs. Woodland laughed softly, "We've done each other a favor!"

She called Paul to take the box out to the car, and when Paul looked at Cora May in the new coat, he whistled loud and long.

"Sure glad I've got strings on you," he said, "or someone might steal you away."

"You go along, now," his mother said, "and get the car warmed up. I just have to change my shoes and get my wraps. Oh, yes, and comb my hair a little."

Brandy bounced on the front seat between Paul and Cora May, eager to see Santa. Paul looked over at Cora May with such an adoring expression on his face that she lowered her eyes in confusion. It was then that she noticed her feet. Her boots!

"Forgot my boots. I'll be right back." She slipped out of the car and ran across the driveway. She let herself in quietly, picked up the boots, and leaned against the wall tugging them on. The soles of her loafers were slightly damp, and the heels caught stubbornly against the lining of the boots.

Suddenly, poised like a stork on one leg, her busy hands halted in midair, Cora May found herself eavesdropping without meaning to.

"I'm so happy for Paul. But I'm just as happy for me, too," Mrs. Woodland was saying. "Now I know why I bought that coat! I never had a daughter of my own to buy for. I knew that coat was too young and frivolous for me when I saw it, but I couldn't resist it. I must have bought it for my daughter, and now my daughter has it! Isn't she a darling?"

She hurried into the kitchen, saw Cora May, and her face went pink. Cora May could feel the heat in her own face.

"Now see what I've done!" Mrs. Woodland cried. "You've already caught me talking about you, but I don't care. It's no secret that I love you very much."

They ran out to the car, laughing merrily, and as Paul backed out of the driveway Cora May heard Brandy say in a plaintive voice, "When are we going to see Sandy Clause?"

Cora May patted his cheek and dropped a kiss on the tip of his freckled nose. She ran her slender fingers under the collar of the new coat and pressed it lovingly against her flushed cheeks.

"We'll take you to see Santa right now, darling!" she exclaimed, as she and Mrs. Woodland exchanged significant winks. "I think I've already seen him."

Photograph by Gustav Anderson
From Ewing Galloway, New York

BROOK IN WINTER

Christmas Night

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

On wide, flamingo wings the day took flight
And all the talk and laughter rode away
In shining cars. The evening, blue and white,
Sank into stillness where old snowbanks lay.
I walked alone where trees were winter-bare.
Cobwebbed against the sky each charcoal net,
Pin-pointed bright with stars, hung twinkling there.
Each frozen drift and swale was diamond-set
And lent my thoughts their magic. How like snow
The lamb-white truth of Christ transforms the world!
Falling impartially on all who go
Companioned or in loneliness. Love-pearled,
This Christmas night defined Infinity,
And love's eternal charity warmed me.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

CELEBRATING STATEHOOD: It is expected that the President of the United States will sign the Constitution admitting the new state of Utah into the Union . . . about the first of January 1896 . . . . It is anticipated that the inaugural ceremonies will be observed in the Tabernacle . . . . The military display and parade will be an effective part of the program, the stars and stripes floating to the breeze, the martial music, the beating of drums . . . . A beacon fire on Ensign Peak . . . heralding to the world that in the tops of the Rocky Mountains . . . a State has grown up unique in . . . historical celebrity, the Queen of the West . . . .

—Editorial

ARE WE WORTHY? Yes, this is the question that often arises in my mind; now since we are called Latter-day Saints, are we worthy of this name? . . . I well remember that after I believed this Gospel to be the same that Jesus taught, and could see plainly it was the same in every respect, I was about to accept it with all my heart, I was asked if I could afford to be called a Saint. I replied "No, indeed!" I would not dare to be called a Saint. That would imply one who was holy and had arrived at perfection . . . . Then I was told by accepting the Gospel and obeying its laws I would thereby arrive at that state, and become a Saint, just as the former day Saints did . . . .

—M. E. K.

The Balance of Life

I fear no more the coming years
What they may bring.
Days will be sunless, nights bereft of stars;
Mayhap the brightest blossoms of the spring
Shall first be bound with winter's icy bars.
But still beyond the cloud is always light,
The stars are in the sky all night,
And deepest snows are they which hide the bright
Green heart of spring . . . .

—Selected

RELIEF SOCIETY IN WILLARD, BOX ELDER COUNTY: Our Relief Society was organized on the 12th of August 1895, with our aged President, Sister M. A. Hubbard, (nearly eighty years of age) still acting as president, she has been our president from the first, and her trusty counselors and members feel to try and make her responsibilities as light as possible, and are trying to do all the good they can. There have been some severe cases of typhoid fever here this fall, and some of a lighter form, but all are getting better now . . . . Praying God to bless all who labor in the good cause.

—Bethiah T. Wells, Sec.

HELEN KELLER: Helen Keller is said to have the sense of touch so marvelously developed that she can recognize a person's emotions by simply placing her hand upon his or her face, even although the play of feeling is so subtle that the ordinary observer would not detect any change of expression.

—Selected.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. FLORA AMUSSEN BENSON was presented the award "Homemaker of the Year" in October by the National Home Fashions League. Mrs. Benson is the wife of Ezra Taft Benson, a member of the Council of the Twelve of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and Secretary of Agriculture in the Cabinet of President Eisenhower. Mrs. Benson, mother of six children, was presented the award by Mrs. Florence Friedlander, President of the League, at a special meeting in Washington, D. C.

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE, a former teacher and president of the board of the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, Massachusetts, was recently appointed director of the centennial fund-raising campaign for this institution. While she was a member of the faculty at the Clarke School, as Grace Goodhue, she met Calvin Coolidge, who was to become her husband, and, later, President of the United States.

MRS. ZADDIE R. BUNKER, of Palm Springs, California, a sixty-eight-year-old great-grandmother, recently passed brilliantly her test to gain a license to pilot multi-engined planes.

CELIA LARSON LUCE, Provo, Utah, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has collaborated with her husband Willard Luce in writing the book *Utah — Past and Present*, a geography and history of Utah for young people. Beautifully illustrated with scenic and historical photographs, the book portrays the achievements of a courageous people in their mountain home.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Ann Catherine Milne, Murray, Utah, 107; Mrs. Ruth May Fox, Salt Lake City, 102; Mrs. Amanda Sanderson Jones Pritchett, Fairview, Utah, 101; Mrs. Hilda Erickson, Grantsville, Utah, ninety-six; Mrs. Lydia Snow Cluff, Salt Lake City, ninety-five; Miss Johanna H. Sprague, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Mrs. Minerva Richards Young, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Mrs. Martha Hardy McKaig, Oakland, California, ninety; Mrs. Christina Graham Ericson, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Phoebe Rodabeck Young, Tooele, Utah, ninety; Mrs. Emily Cooley Wells, Orem, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 DECEMBER 1955 NO. 12

The One Hundred Twenty-Sixth Semi-Annual Church Conference

IT is a glorious privilege to be able to attend a general conference of the Church — a privilege for which hearts yearn in the lands and isles of the world where the gospel has been established in the souls of men.

At the One Hundred Twenty-Sixth Semi-Annual Conference of the Church which was held on September 30, October 1, and 2, 1955, these longings were especially significant as General Authorities reported on world-wide happenings of the Church among the far-away peoples whom they had visited since the last April conference. Another highlight of the conference was the report of the recent tour of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe. Never up to now had the reality that the gospel will be preached to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people been more evidenced.

Thousands in the western United States who were unable to attend the sessions personally, were able through broadcasts originating with station KSL to hear the conference proceedings, including the Saturday night Priesthood meeting, by special wires to fifty-seven centers where members of the Priesthood were assembled. The Sunday morning session of the conference was viewed by a great unnumbered audience by television stations outside of Utah, originating with KSL-TV. Each conference, the proceedings reach an increasing number of our Father's children.

All the General Authorities of the Church were in attendance at the conference, although Elder Benson was absent from the early sessions, as he was called to Washington to attend a Cabinet Meeting convened as the result of the illness of President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

It will be of interest to Relief Society members to know that, in the absence of the Tabernacle Choir, the music for the two Sunday sessions was furnished by a combined Singing Mothers Chorus from some of the stakes in Idaho and Wyoming, with Sister Florence J. Madsen as conductor.

In his opening and closing addresses, President McKay declared:

> I feel grateful and happy this morning for so many evidences of the goodness of the Lord, that I wish I could strike a note of optimism that would reverberate to the uttermost parts of the Church . . . .
>
> There are so many things for which we should be thankful . . . . First, loyalty and devotion of the presiding Priesthood of the Church. Second, the vitality and

growth of the Church. Third, the success of the choir on its recent tour in Europe. Fourth, the dedication of the [Swiss] Temple. Fifth, the happiness we may secure by obedience to the restored gospel of Jesus Christ . . . .

By example and precept, children should be impressed with the inappropriateness of confusion and disorder in a worshiping congregation. They should be impressed in childhood, and have it emphasized in youth, that it is disrespectful to talk or even to whisper during a sermon, and that it is the height of rudeness to leave a worshiping assembly before dismissal . . . .

If there were more reverence in human hearts, there would be less room for sin and sorrow, and more increased capacity for joy and gladness. To make more cherished, more adaptable, more attractive, this gem among brilliant virtues is a project worthy of the most united and prayerful efforts of every officer, every parent, and every member of the Church . . . .

Truly, it is fitting to give thanks to the Lord, and to talk of all his wondrous work; and in doing so, we must include the greatest of all of his blessings—the sending of his Only Begotten Son, to give to all our Father's children redemption, and to those who will listen and obey the Gospel, salvation and exaltation in the kingdom of our Father. Obedience to the principles of the Gospel brings happiness, and happiness is what all men seek . . . .

Now, here is a final appeal at this conference for us to go home, to go back and set our homes in order. God bless you in so doing, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

IN speaking of the missionary work, President Richards affirmed:

The first specific item which I shall mention is the need for more people to serve in these missionary callings . . . . Young men are well adapted to missionary service. They have the physical strength and stamina; they have the mental alertness; they have the adaptability and the buoyancy of youth, and when properly conditioned for the service, they have the spiritual receptiveness to bring them a firmness of conviction and testimony that becomes contagious to those whom they serve . . . .

We extend our appreciation for the good offices of this State's Representatives in Congress and their friends in bringing about a Congressional Historical Record in the legislation extending the Draft Act, which clearly recognizes in the interpretation of the statute the exemptability of our missionaries as ministers of religion . . . .

We can use young women of eligible age, health, and spiritual qualifications in the missionary service. They have performed an outstanding work in foreign and local missions . . . .

We have need for married couples in the missions—men and women of maturity and experience whose families have been raised, who can go into the missions and not only proselyte but teach to branches of the mission the great principles of self-government . . . .

In the stakes and wards of Zion the Lord has caused to be set up divisions of his kingdom. God grant that the Latter-day Saints in these divisions may have the courage, the vision, the devotion, and the strength of character to make these divisions of the kingdom effective and impressive background for the proclamation of this Gospel by his missionaries.

PRESIDENT Clark, in speaking on the need of Church members testifying on the divinity of Christ, asserted:

Today, the great Christian world are retreating from their early and true belief in Jesus as the Christ. They are explaining him in different ways. They are taking away from him his divinity . . . .

We of our faith know that Jesus of

Nazareth is the Christ. This is our knowledge. We must proclaim it at all times and under all circumstances . . . .

Jesus of Nazareth was the one who was chosen before the world was, the Only Begotten of the Father, to come to earth to perform this service, to conquer mortal death, which would atone for the fall, that the spirit of man could recover his body, so reuniting them . . . .

We frequently are told and understand that not alone did Christ atone for the "original sin," so-called, but that he atones for our sins, generally. As I understand it, so far as the resurrection is concerned, the overcoming of mortal death, he did atone for our sins. That is to say, no matter what we do here on earth, even though we commit the unpardonable sin, yet the atonement of Christ will for that purpose and to that end atone for our sins, and so will bring about our resurrection. But after the resurrection, then we have to be judged according to the deeds of the flesh, good or bad. On the judgment day we will receive our rewards or punishments; we must pay for our own sins.

So, as I conceive it, we must stand adamant for the doctrine of the atonement of Jesus the Christ, for the divinity of his conception, for his sinless life, and for, shall I say, the divinity of his death, his voluntary surrender of life. He was not killed; he gave up his life . . . .

It is our mission, perhaps the most fundamental purpose of our work, to bear constant testimony of Jesus the Christ.

Only those who have the light of the gospel to illumine their lives and their every action can appreciate the meaning to Latter-day Saints of the great privilege of partaking of the blessings accruing from a general conference of the Church, a blessing, moreover, which is available to saints through the printed word.

The opening note sounded by President McKay of gratitude to the Lord for blessings touched a reverberating chord in the hearts of the saints to harmonize in their souls until the next conference, with the fervent prayer that each may live to be worthy of those blessings.

—M. C. S.

His Birthday

Beatrice K. Ekman

Twilight fades to dark. Blotting hills from sight,
Fast falling snowflakes fill the winter skies,
Robed in transient loveliness of white.
The countryside in tranquil stillness lies;
The city street lights gleam with jeweled glow,
Shining windows frame festive candlelight,
Glistening holly, pine, and mistletoe;
The burning hearth log spreads warm firelight.

Storm brewing clouds pass by; the moon appears;
Tall, silver stars illume the roof of night,
Gay carol singers walk in untracked snow;
Their voices with the Christmas chimes unite.
Through the long corridor of cherished years,
Love keeps his birthday ever green and bright.

The Words of Christmas

IN our hurried ways of life and in the multiplicity of our duties, it is seldom that we find time for quiet contemplation, for the development of complete thoughts and satisfying spiritual growth. Even at Christmas time, when of all seasons, we should feel near to our Heavenly Father, and to Jesus, our Lord, we seem more than ever to be involved in many small affairs which perhaps cannot be resolved into a unified circle of understanding and enlightenment. We fail fully to comprehend the wonder and the glory of mortal life, and the treasures of eternity which are awaiting those who have received the words of Jesus and who have patterned their lives according to those eternal teachings.

It is most satisfying each Christmas to read again the ancient Gospels, the precious words which have illuminated the centuries. It is well to become familiar with the treasured narratives of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—to learn of their everlasting messages, of their witness of the gospel, and their accounts of the earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth.

Each narrator portrays in great simplicity, and with the shining words of truth, the Christmas story, and explains the significance of the birth in Bethlehem and the life of Jesus upon the earth. All the accounts should be read over and over again until they become a part of our lives. For, as Luke tells us:

> Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us,
>
> Even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word (Luke 1:1-2).

Thus, we have the sacred Gospels of the New Testament—the words of Christmas, which are for all people in all the eras of time.

Matthew mentions the wise men and their star-illumined quest across the wilderness; the gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh—precious commodities and treasures of the world; the flight into Egypt; and the return when Joseph and Mary and Jesus ". . . turned aside into the parts of Galilee."

Mark writes of the preparatory mission of John the Baptist and then proceeds directly to the ministry of Jesus and the calling of the disciples.

> Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.
>
> And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men (Mark 1:16-17).

Luke, in words that glow in beauty through the years, tells the story of Zacharias and Elisabeth, the parents of John the Baptist, and their relationship to Mary of Nazareth, for as Zacharias explained, the mission of John would be, "To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace" (Luke 1:79).

It is to Luke that we are indebted for the pastoral scene of the shepherds in the hill country, "keeping watch over their flock by night"—the precious story which should be read to all children as a part of the remembrance of Christmas. And to Luke, also, we are grateful for the words which have a deep and sacred meaning for mothers: "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

The final Gospel — the words of John — begins with the mission of John the Baptist who "came for a witness" and proclaimed: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord . . . ." The meeting of John and Jesus is related in matchless simplicity: ". . . The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him."

Thus we have the Christmas words — the four great Gospels — the everlasting witnesses for the life of Jesus and his sacrifice for the world. The Christmas story is not ended with the wise men on the desert path, nor with the shepherds on the hills roundabout Bethlehem; it is not concluded with the manger scene and the gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh; nor can the Christmas words be ended with the flight into Egypt, nor the return of the holy family to their native hills. The Christmas words are the words of the Gospels in their completeness, speaking in all sincerity and truth of the birth in Bethlehem, the sacred ministry, the sacrifice, and the gift of eternal life.

—V. P. C.

The Joy of Giving

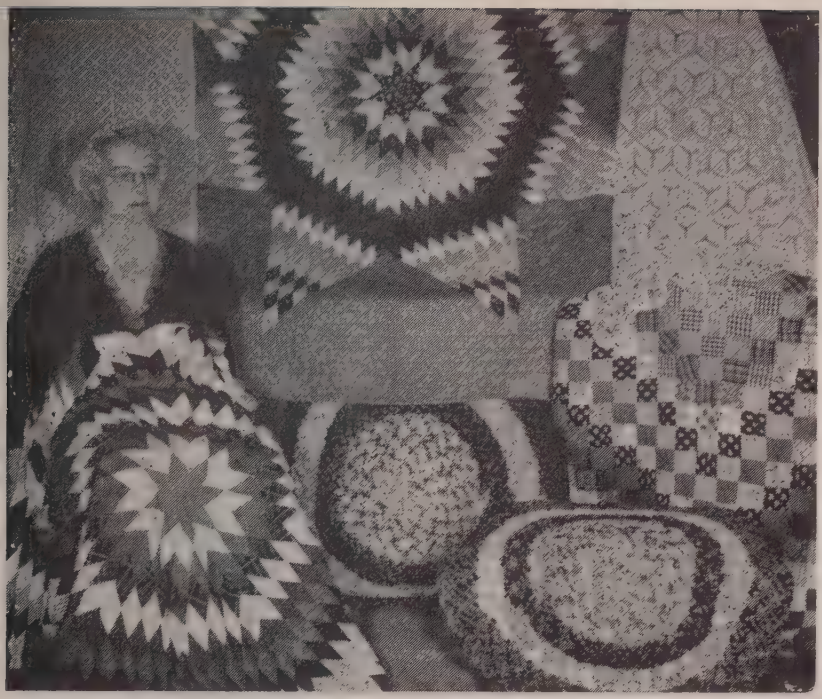
Elsie Scott

"HAPPINESS," I read, "is the joy of giving." But I have no worldly goods. I must go, then, to my spiritual treasure chest and seek something to give, for I would be happy. Ah, yes, here are a friendly smile and a cheery word. They will be just the right gifts for the lady at the corner of the road. She is lonely and appears to have no relatives or friends.

What have we here? A helping hand for the crippled old man across the road. He, too, lives alone, and is very proud, so I must help him in such a way that his feelings will not be hurt. Perhaps a jar of jam and a batch of cakes and pies, would be accepted.

Have I anything for the children left without a father? Why, of course, a picnic. All children love a picnic, and their mother must work so hard for their support, she seldom goes out, and never without them. So, if I take the children for a day, she will be able to rest. I will ask my friend by the sea to have her as a guest for a few days while I care for the children. She needs a holiday.

My spiritual treasure chest is so filled with smiles, kind thoughts, and good deeds, there is enough for everyone I know. I am rich, and what happiness I gain just by giving!



Johanna Petersen Bernhisel Makes Star Quilts for Her Relief Society Sisters

JOHANNA Petersen Bernhisel, Los Angeles, California, has made over two hundred star quilts. Since April 1954, she has presented each member of the Relief Society presidency with a beautiful star quilt, and she plans to make a star for every member of the Vermont Ward Relief Society. The hooked rugs shown in the picture were made from scraps left over from the star quilts. Sister Bernhisel also made the crocheted bedspread and tablecloth pictured in the left and right background.

Born in Huntsville, Utah, in 1878, Johanna is the daughter of Peter C. Geertsen, who baptized President David O. McKay. For ten years Johanna Bernhisel was chorister in the Sugar House and Emerson Wards, Salt Lake City. When the new chorister in Vermont Ward began her duties, Sister Bernhisel presented to her the beautiful baton which had been presented to Sister Bernhisel as a token of appreciation for her long years of service. The Vermont Ward chorister received the baton with tears in her eyes, for Sister Bernhisel is a lady of kindness and charity and is greatly loved by all who know her.

Bells of Christmas

Pearl Montgomery

PETE Duncan hung around my desk after the other children had gone. He was still shy though school had been in session for two months. It was plain he wanted to say something.

"Yes, Pete?" I said, hoping to help him.

"Teacher," he asked quickly and breathlessly, "do you think Lily Belle is a pretty name?"

"Yes, I do. Lilies are lovely flowers and Belle means pretty. Is there a new baby in the family?"

"No, it's a burro. I'm going to buy him. That isn't his name now. They call him Jack, but I'm going to call him Lily Belle when he's mine. I'm saving up money from my paper route, and I'll have twenty dollars by Christmas so I can get him to ride in vacation. I'm buying him from Mr. Meyers."

"Why, Pete, how nice." I smiled down into his flushed face. "A burro is a fine playmate. Will you ride him on your paper route?"

"I don't think so. You see I can go faster on my bike. Burros are kinda slow sometimes, and sometimes they want to go where you aren't going. Well, I guess I'll be going," having told his happy secret.

I sat for awhile musing over Pete and his brothers and sisters, children of a shiftless father often out of work, and a little drudge of a mother. She and Pete were far the best of the family . . . more sensitive spirits and so, more easily hurt, and I didn't want Pete hurt.

I remembered the shamed hurt in his eyes when he had no money for Junior Red Cross at school after having made a proud pledge. His father had taken the money from the paper route for food, being once more out of work himself. I hoped nothing like that would happen again, and yet, I thought, it surely wasn't the most thrifty way in the world to spend twenty dollars when the family was in such need. I couldn't think of anything they needed less than a burro. Perhaps part of the money might be spent for a warm sweater for Pete, or shoes with good soles to replace the ones he wore to school which couldn't possibly keep his feet dry on rainy days. It evidently hadn't occurred to Pete but that Lily Belle was an entirely appropriate name for a shaggy little beast. Perhaps the little burro with the flowery name would be white hyacinths to feed his soul.

As I walked home that afternoon with another teacher, I told her about Lily Belle. "Mr. Meyers has no children, has he?" I asked.

"No, he never had any," she replied. "But Mrs. Meyers had children by a previous marriage, and grandchildren. Her daughter died and the little grandson came to live with them. I think Mr. Meyers grew really fond of him. It was for him that he bought the burro. But when his wife died, her relatives took the child away."

"So that was why he soured on the world," I meditated. "He cer-

tainly drives a hard bargain, and it was cruel to foreclose on old Mrs. Larsen."

"He is a hard man to understand," she said, and we let the matter drop.

NOT long after that, as I drove past the dump, I saw Pete salvaging pieces of twisted bailing wire and smiled as I thought what queer and apparently worthless things were dear to the heart of a boy.

A few days later I called to Pete after school. "Pete, I'm going by your house. Would you like to ride?"

Oh, yes, he would. As we neared his home, Pete said with scarcely concealed pride, "Teacher, I've got Lily Belle's corral nearly done. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, indeed I would." I got out of the car and went with him. There, by a tiny old shed, stood, or perhaps I should say leaned, the result of two day's work. A piece of corrugated iron, an old railroad tie, a piece of cracked iron water pipe, and branches of trees leaning at all angles made the posts. These were strung together with pieces of rusty baling wire, and here and there, barbed wire. An old tub made the water trough and the rickety old shed would provide shade in summer and protection from most of the rain in winter. What more could a donkey want in Southern California?

"You see the hayfield over there?" Pete asked. "Mr. Wilson said I could tie Lily Belle over there to graze. And I'm going to lead him along the road to eat grass, and he likes turnip and carrot tops. I'll find lots for him to eat."

Perhaps he will, I thought, remembering the burro my children had for awhile, who ate everything, including my prize roses, as he ambled down the driveway in spite of vigorous switching and yelling from the children.

Pete's mother saw us from the window and came out. She laid her hand on my arm as she said appealingly, "It seems like an awful lot of money for Pete to spend when he needs so many things. He has gone without them and worked so hard to get the money because he wants this burro more than he has ever wanted anything else. Seems like he just has to have him."

One day, in response to an urgent invitation from Pete, I went with him to see the matchless Lily Belle. He stood motionless in a field, but, at a whistle, he walked leisurely over to us, a half-size cowbell tinkling musically at his throat. He began sniffing at Pete's hands, his shirt pockets, and finally pulled a carrot from his pants pocket. This he crunched with gusto while the boy showed me points of excellence hitherto undetected by me. I suspect they would have been forever unknown, but it was clear that Pete loved this shaggy little beast, and, in return, Lily Belle gave him some measure of devotion. At least as long as a tidbit could be expected.

When we left, Lily Belle stretched out his head and brayed a protest—"Aw-ee-Aw-ee-Aw-ww."

"He's lonesome for us," Pete said, and so it seemed, or at least for another carrot.

* * * * *

As the Christmas vacation neared, I forgot Lily Belle in busy holi-

day preparations. The air was full of the spicy smell of evergreens and the sound of whispered secrets. The last day of school, I noticed Pete's sober face in contrast to the happy faces of the other children. After school I asked him to wait. "Are you getting Lily Belle soon?" I asked. Two unwilling tears rolled down the boy's face.

"No," he said. "I can't have him for awhile, and maybe not at all."

"I thought you were going to have the money by now," I answered, hesitating to probe, but seeing that something was wrong.

"You see my bike broke down, and I had to take the money to get it fixed. I have to ride it on my paper route. Mr. Meyers said he wouldn't wait much longer and perhaps he would sell Lily Belle to someone else and give me back my money."

"Did you ask him if he would trust you for the rest until you got it?"

"Yes, and he said poor people shouldn't get things till they had the money."

Shouldn't. Shouldn't. I never did like that word.

"How much was it?"

"Six dollars."

Why, the old skinflint. The miserable old Scrooge, I thought. He has money to burn. I'd like to choke him. Pete's unhappiness haunted me, and because I'm always sticking my neck out, I found myself driving slowly past the Meyers place the next day, looking for the man. Sure enough. He was coming out to his mailbox. I waited.

"Good morning, Mr. Meyers."

"Not bad," he conceded sourly, as if he would much rather have very bad weather indeed.

"Place looks nice," I said. "Never saw a better orchard." He shot a suspicious look at me.

"Not bad," he said again and started to turn toward the house. Oh, where were all the diplomatic phrases I had prepared? He mustn't get away. I wanted to talk with him, but he was going. I must hurry. I threw diplomacy overboard.

"Mr. Meyers, when you were a boy, did you ever want anything so tremendously that it filled your whole life and then find you couldn't have it?"

HE looked at me in astonishment and then, as I watched, the hard grasping lines in his face slowly faded away and a thoughtful, meditative look replaced them as he reached way back in his memory.

"Why, yes, I did," he said slowly after a time. "Yes, I did." He stood silent for a moment, then he said, "It was a pair of shoes."

"A pair of shoes!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, a pair of shoes. The boys in our country school went barefoot in summer, even to Sunday School. We were graduating from the eighth grade and not going on to high school, which was several miles away. I hoped to go. I was going to earn my way. Well, the boys were wearing shoes and I wanted them especially because we were invited to a party afterwards at a girl's house. I . . . well . . . I guess I was sweet on that girl and she asked me to lead the grand march with her.

"Of course I had to have shoes. Well, it was all right at first. Pa always made us work for our clothes,

and I planned to earn enough, but . . . I couldn't." Another wait while he turned things over in his mind and then, defiantly, "It's all right for kids to earn their clothes."

"Of course," I agreed, "if they can."

"That was it," he admitted. "I hurt my hand . . . bad . . . my right hand, and I couldn't work."

"But surely your father advanced the money."

"No, he didn't. He said we had to learn . . . the sooner, the better . . . to live on what we had and not go in debt."

Mr. Meyers didn't say anything more, but I wanted to know if he went to the party anyway, so after awhile I asked, "Did you go to the party?"

"No," he replied harshly. "Nor the exercises either. I learned all right. And I quit thinking I could earn my way through high school. It took a long time for my hand to heal, but I've earned my way ever since, and I haven't gone in debt."

ANOTHER silence, and then I said, "I wish you could have had your shoes." And then, "I must go." But I didn't go. I had come, mad and belligerent and ready to fight for Pete, and Mr. Meyers had told me this pathetic story, and now I was sorry for him. I didn't know how to ask for Lily Belle. As I was pondering this, Mr. Meyers asked a sudden question, "How come you asked did I ever want something so bad?" and I had my chance.

"Because right now, a little boy wants something as much as you wanted shoes. He has doted on it a long time, and he's worked for it, too . . . hard. It isn't his fault his bike broke down and he had to use the money he was going to pay for your burro. Now it will take some time before he can save enough to finish payment. Well, I must go."

For as long as I could see him in my rear view window, Mr. Meyers stood still by the mailbox.

The next afternoon I was tying up packages when I kept hearing a little tinkling sound, faintly at first, then louder as it came nearer. I looked out of the window and I think I never saw a happier face than Pete's as he sat astride his beloved Lily Belle.

"Teacher, teacher," he cried jubilantly. "Mr. Meyers said to take Lily Belle and finish paying later. And he gave me this brand new rope to tie him. And something more, he said he wanted to give me a pair of *new shoes!* Nothing to do with Lily Belle at all . . . he just wanted to get me *new shoes.*"

Here Pete paused for breath and then rushed on. "And my mother says when someone does something nice for us, we must do something nice for them, so we asked Mr. Meyers to Christmas dinner. And, teacher, he acted real glad to come."

As Lily Belle's tinkle receded down the street, I heard all the bells of Christmas joyously ringing in my heart. I knew they were ringing in Pete's heart, and in Mr. Meyers', too, and I'm sure he heard and understood for the first time the glorious song of the angels . . . "and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Vegetables - A Different Way Every Day

PART I

Rhea H. Gardner

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THERE are so many different kinds of vegetables and so many different ways to serve each kind, there need never be any monotony in the vegetable part of the dinner or luncheon menu. Authorities in the field of health and nutrition recommend that we eat at least three vegetables each day.

Variety in the kinds of vegetables selected and the methods for preparing them make the task of the cook more interesting and meals more appealing.

Vegetable greens are available in most areas the year round. They are particularly abundant in the springtime, both at the fresh vegetable market and on the farm. Dandelion greens are among the first wild greens to pop through the ground in the spring. Gather them before buds or blossoms appear, if possible. When cutting them, extend the knife down into the ground almost to the root, before cutting through the plant. The white part below the soil line is the least bitter and most tender. If some buds have already formed, check the greens very carefully to remove each tiny bud for they are very bitter. Wash thoroughly in several waters, lifting the greens up out of the water after each washing. Kale, young turnip tops, beet tops, spinach, and chard are other greens that are delicious.

Cook the greens quickly in an uncovered kettle in a small quantity of salted boiling water. As soon as the greens are tender, drain and chop. For each 2 cups of cooked greens add 1 cup dry bread crumbs that have been delicately browned in 2 tablespoons butter. Add one tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 tablespoon onion juice, or 2 tablespoons minced onion and salt and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly and serve at once. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked eggs and strips of broiled bacon.

Potatoes are truly an American food. Because they are a year-round vegetable and fairly inexpensive, good cooks will prepare them often and in a variety of ways.

Here is just one of the many ways this good food may be prepared.

SCALLOPED POTATOES SUPREME

8 medium potatoes, or 8 cups of sliced potatoes
¼ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup minced onion or parsley
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup mushroom soup
1 cup milk
2 teaspoons salt

Alternate layers of potatoes, green pepper, and onion in a lightly greased baking dish. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Mix the milk and the mushroom soup together over the potatoes. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°F) about 1½ hours or until the potatoes are tender and the top is lightly browned. The flavor may be further improved by grating Swiss or cheddar cheese over the potatoes a few minutes before removing them from the oven.

Yams and sweet potatoes make appetizing accompaniments with pork and poultry. Excess use of sweetness in the preparation of these vegetables can dwarf the good natural flavors. Here is a recipe that is slightly on the tart side in flavor.

Yams With Orange Sauce

6 medium large yams
⅓ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 cup orange juice
2 tablespoons butter
salt and pepper

Cook, drain, and skin yams; slice in casserole. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over yams. Bake at 350°F for 30 minutes.

Acorn squash is a comparatively new vegetable in some areas. It is delicious and available at vegetable markets all during the fall, winter, and early spring months. Get acquainted with the delicate flavor of this vegetable if you haven't already done so.

Stuffed Squash

3 acorn squashes
salt and pepper
¼ teaspoon Accent
1½ cups chopped cooked ham or pork sausage that has been partially cooked
1 cup chopped tart apples
2 tablespoons chopped onion
½ teaspoon dry mustard

Cut squashes in halves lengthwise. Remove seeds. Sprinkle with Accent, salt, and pepper. Place pieces cut side down in baking pan. Bake in hot oven (425°F) 30 minutes. Remove from oven. Reduce oven temperature to 375°F. Turn squash halves cut side up. Combine remaining ingredients and fill centers. Bake again about 30 minutes.

(*To be continued*)

Old Lullabies

Maude Rubin

I rock my little grandson
In the same old rocking-chair
I used to rock his mother in.
The same old creak's still there,
The same worn cushion. (I should make
A new one of cretonne.)
I rock and sing and dream a while
Of olden days long gone.
I hold him close, for one more song,
Glad rocking babies isn't wrong;
And somehow those old lullabies
Still make me want to close my eyes . . .
But dreams of those days I'll forsake—
This blessed baby's wide awake!

Hermanas

Chapter 6

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: The story "Hermanas" (sisters) is narrated by an American woman living temporarily in Mexico. She has befriended Lolita, a widow, and her lovely daughter Graciela. At Church, Graciela is introduced to Jim Flores, studying to be a doctor, and the two become deeply in love. Graciela, after attending secretarial school, is given a position with Mr. Carson, a banker. About this time a wealthy Mexican, Senor Munoz, begins discretely to court Graciela, and Jim is very much worried. The American Senora learns that Lolita has consented to the marriage of Graciela and Senor Munoz. She visits Lolita and asks for an explanation.

IN the darkness Lolita's eyes had an intense gleam, and I was silent before her. I remembered my early days with Amporo when I urged her to eat bread instead of the stack of tortillas that looked like nothing to me but a grayish mass. Bread, I had told her, with foreign superiority, would be best for her. She had answered me by rubbing her stomach and saying, "Bread is good, Senora, but it does not satisfy the hunger."

Could it be that the bread I was offering Lolita for her soul did not satisfy the hunger? No, I was not yet convinced; after an appropriate silence I tried again.

"You know," I said to Lolita, as one woman of experience to another, "what the life of a Mexican woman is, even a wealthy woman. She lives forever in the shadow of her husband. Although she has servants and luxuries, her only diversions are kneeling in the church and sewing for the poor, and what," here I raised my voice, "will kneeling in a dark, musty church mean to her after the new light she has seen? It will never mean truth to her again." I looked at Lolita, who heard me in stolid silence.

"She will sew," I belittled the word, "and talk with other ladies with whom she has little in common. She will seldom appear with her husband in public. When her children are old enough they will be sent away to school. What a life that will be for a girl of Graciela's spirit and intelligence."

"She will have children!" Lolita shot me the words triumphantly. "She will find ways, my Graciela. It will be the sunshine for her after the dark years."

"It will be prison," I rebuked her. "Graciela knows the sweetness of finding herself, of making her own decisions. She is a whole person now. And you?" I was relentless. "What will your position be in the Munoz home? You do not know her, the Senora Valades, mother of the first wife, but I have seen her, and she is hard and domineering. She will never accept you as an equal in the household. You will belong neither in the parlor nor the kitchen."

"I will have a soft bed to sleep on and food when I want it, not won by the sweat of my frail body." Her words were a whisper.

"You may grow sleepless on your

soft bed," I defied her, "when you see your child's spirit broken by the real mistress of the house. And there is the daughter. She is near Graciela's age, without half her beauty or charm. Poverty may seem desirable after that problem."

"You, Senora, do not understand the women of Mexico." She rose, as if to end our battle, and I rose with her. "In Mexico, we do not desire so much independence for women as in your country, and we do not desire the separation of the family. We live together. One day," she shrugged her thin shoulders, "the mother will die and the daughter will marry."

"I can only hope." I said it coldly and stooped for my shoes, drying them with the paper Lolita had stuffed in them.

"No, Senora, I will do it."

Humbly she took the shoes from my hands and pulled out the paper. Kneeling, she slipped my feet into the pumps, and I could not speak. After she had helped me with my raincoat, she handed the umbrella to me.

"*Con permisso*," she said with firm politeness and opened the door for me.

WE started down the dark corridor together.

"I will think of what you said, Lolita. I do not want to sit in judgment."

The Senora is always kind," she murmured, steering me towards the entrance.

"You have followed the dictum of common sense." I chose my words with utmost care. Soon I would be on the other side of the wall. "But have you given heed to the dictates of the spirit?"

Her eyes opened wide, and I knew I had her interest. "Security can never be the end of life."

My hands had found the great iron knob, and the door opened, throwing a gray light on our intent faces. "We are taught in our religion that security lies within ourselves. Each of us has the divine spark, and we are free to choose between good and evil. We can disregard the spark and kill it, or we can kindle it into a flame that will illumine our lives. Do you understand me, Lolita?"

The door opened wider and the noises of the street came between us, and Lolita half shut the door, leaving space for my exit only.

"You use many words, Senora," she rebuked me, "but I understand. I have chosen and, as you say, it is not for you to judge."

Under the high arched doorway, she looked thin and fragile, a little woman with graying hair and dressed in a worn black dress.

"Is there, Senora, any evil in my daughter possessing a house with servants to care for her? Is it wrong that I who have served all my life will no longer need to serve?"

Again she had obscured the issue. I bowed and walked down the street, the massive door swinging behind me. It was already twilight and the vendors had set up their braziers and were calling the menu for the evening meal. The sounds and smells were stifled in the damp air. I saw a taxi moving toward me. I climbed in and sat upright on the seat, defeated.

When I told John, who was wait-

ing anxiously for me, he warned against any further action. "You know how these people are," he reminded me. "Remember, you are a foreigner. You can't interfere."

"But it's so unfair to Jim," I protested. "And it will ruin Graciela's life."

"Aren't you being overly dramatic?" John asked. "Here's a poor servant and her daughter with no prospects of anything better, when, like the bolt out of the blue, the daughter gets a chance to marry a wealthy man. She'll be mistress of the Cuernavaca estate. She'll have a mansion in the Lomas, a place at Acapulco, and I don't know how many other homes. It's not exactly a ruined life, is it?"

He was teasing me, and I did not like it.

"You know what I mean." I was angry.

"I do . . . in a way." He rubbed my cold hands with his warm ones. "Call Amporo and get something warm inside you, and you'll feel better. Of course," he pacified me, "I feel sorry for Jim. It's a raw deal for him, but you can't carry his burden."

A week went by and Jim did not come. Neither did I hear from Graciela. John left on a business trip to the ends of Michoacan. I got up early to see him off. The morning was dark, promising rain. Wandering about the still house, I picked up the twins' playthings. After that I baked a cake, with no one to eat it. When there was nothing more to be done, I wrote letters. I might have gone calling, but I was poor company, and I did not want to be caught in the afternoon downpour.

After our one o'clock dinner, Amporo took the twins upstairs for their siesta. I stayed in the dining room to make a centerpiece of blue plumbago and red Pelargoniums, and I was still there when Amporo came down to ask if she might go on the street.

"All right," I said reluctantly. The room was growing suddenly dark, and I did not want to be alone. "But don't stay long."

Amporo had not been gone five minutes before the rain started. The bell clamored, and I hurried through the garden, the wind strong in my face. To my great relief, Jim stood under the sheltering arch. His face was haggard and white, his blue eyes bloodshot.

"Hurry!" I shouted above the wind. Then I ran ahead. In the living room, with its dark walls, his face was a white blur.

"Don't turn on the light." His voice was sharp.

We sat in the brown leather chairs, facing each other in the strange dusk.

"I've been worried about you," I said, wiping the rain from my face with a handkerchief.

His smile was bitter. "I've come to say goodbye. You and John deserve that from me."

"Goodbye!" I echoed his word.

"Last night Lolita came to the hospital and told me everything." His voice was that of a stranger.

"Then the marriage is that close? I had a feeling she would not tell you until it was near at hand."

"Oh, it's as good as done." He stood up, hurt and angry. "I tried

to see Graciela. I went to the San Angel house three times. One night I waited at her office until I was late at the hospital." He looked at me, so young and full of misery.

"I did everything but crawl, but still I haven't been able to see her." His hurt eyes looked down at me. "She's as bad as her mother." He sank into the chair again, his legs stretched long before him, a man alone in a bitter world.

THROUGH the glass doors that led to the dining room, I could see the storm beating down with sudden violence. I moved to the dining room to watch, and Jim followed me, his mouth in harsh lines. The garden was lost beyond the furious sheets of water.

"It's like standing behind a waterfall," I said, my voice lost in the roar of wind and water.

From upstairs, I heard the frightened cries of the children, and we raced up the circular stairs to rescue them from a dark window. I dressed them and brought them to the living room to play with their toys. When I touched the light switch I got only darkness. Marita pressed against me, whimpering.

"I'll light a candle," Jim spoke softly to the children and took Judy in his arms.

We found two candles in the kitchen and placed them on a carved cabinet, above the toys. Somberly the two children started playing in the flickering light.

Some of the tight lines were gone from Jim's face.

When we were seated again, close to the children, I said, "You know Graciela had no part in this. She is more miserable than you." I threw my hands in an expansive gesture. "She would come to you through the streets on her knees, if necessary."

"There is nothing keeping her from me."

"You should understand your people better than I. It is impossible for her to defy her mother. Unless you do something, it will end like this."

His head was sunk between his hands and his voice came to me muffled, as from a distance. "After what Lolita said last night, there is nothing I can do . . . unless . . . ." His voice rose hopefully, then dropped.

"Unless what?" I asked it sharply.

"Graciela is no child. She knows what she's doing. If I mean anything to her — if our religion means anything, and it should," he raised his head, his fists clenched on the chair arms," she *would* do something. We've talked of it enough this summer. I've told her the things I've never said before, how the Church is all to me."

He leaned towards me, his face intense. "If she were sincere, and I'd have staked my life on her sincerity, she said it was giving her insight and confidence. If she meant it," he struck his hands together, "all she has to do is tell her mother she's going to become a member and marry me." His eyes begged me to believe that was all she had to do.

I shook my head. "I'm not convinced she can do it by herself. All her life there's been only her mother — and back of her mother there are centuries of tradition. And you,

what do you mean by coming here to say goodbye?"

"I'm going home — as soon as I can get a plane North."

"I thought this was your home." I said it gently.

"That was only a dream. It has no meaning now."

"It did have meaning and it will again."

"Without her?" His laugh was derisive. "I could never stay here."

"Be yourself!" I was irritated. "You aren't a king who can abdicate. You're just a common man who had a dream, a plan of life. You were alone when you made the plan. Surely you have the moral strength to carry it out . . . alone if you have to. If you run away now, you'll regret it all your life."

JIM ran his hands through his hair, already in disorder. "I never thought I'd put love before everything else in life, but right now I guess I do."

"Only for the moment," I assured him. "Don't do anything decisive, Jim, not right now. You're the man who dedicated his life to an ideal. You can't desert it."

"I couldn't live in Mexico, knowing she was here, married to that man."

He pulled himself out of the chair, a tall, young figure in the wavering light. The twins watched him, big-eyed.

"When I get some place, I'll write. And don't worry, I've still got the Church. I'll get going in time."

"You're feeling a bit sorry for yourself." I rose, too. "And that's not worthy of you. Anyway, let's be sensible." I looked around the room, dark as night, save for the two candles. "You can't go in this storm. Besides, I'm frightened to death."

A deafening clap of thunder accented my words, and the twins clutched at my skirts. We saw the quick flashes of chain lightning, followed by thunder so fierce that it seemed to split the building.

In renewed fury, the rain poured down. With fascinated eyes, we saw fierce rivulets rush under the corridor doors and across the wide hallway, then sweep across the polished boards of the living room floor. At the same time, the water poured into the dining room, on the opposite side. Through the dining room windows, I saw the kitchen door waver and the water burst in as over a broken dam. The menacing stream poured down the connecting hallway and spilled upon the shining floor.

Jim whistled. "Where's the ark?" he asked, lifting the children to the couch. I knew he was not altogether lost.

When we got into the kitchen the water was above our ankles and rising. With a mighty heave we forced the door to and bolted it against the waterfall. But the water poured underneath the door and pressed higher against our legs.

"Wouldn't you know!" Jim sighed. "This pavement slopes towards the door."

We treaded our way to the living room, left our shoes on the stairs, and came back with bundles of newspapers which we stuffed under the doors. I got out two buckets and we began emptying water

in the sink. When the water had receded, I lighted another candle and mopped while Jim poured. When the kitchen no longer spilled into the hallway, we went into the living room with pails and mops. There was a final crash of thunder, far down the street, and the rain stopped as abruptly as it had begun.

"This is the living end." Jim looked admiringly at the havoc left by the storm. Then he bent to his mops. We were still at it when Amporo came rushing in, dry as a kitten.

"Ay, Senora!" She took the mop from me.

Soon she and Jim had the floors dried, and I brought the children into the kitchen for their supper.

JIM refused my invitation to eat. But he made me a promise he would do nothing until he heard from me. He promised also to stay within reach of the telephone. When he walked through the front patio his head was up and some of the haggardness gone from his face.

The storm, too, had swept through my mind and cleared the fuzzy edges. I think I was pouring the last glass of milk when the thing that had been struggling in my subconscious mind this past week slipped through. *Under God no person is higher than any other person.* If I believed that, and I had been born with that belief in my blood, then Lolita and Graciela were not just serving woman and daughter. I must do for them what I would do for any other women who claimed my help. Only an hour or so ago Jim had said that Graciela had the strength to free herself, if only her devotion was sincere. This strength I doubted, but I would give her the chance.

It must be Lolita who came to me this time. In my own home I would be a better match. Amporo did not question me when I told her to leave the dishes and get ready for the street; neither did she ask any reason when I told her to go to San Angel and return with Lolita and her daughter. If they were out, old Ramon would know where they were, and she was to wait.

"And if," I concluded, "they show an inclination not to come, you perhaps can think of a reason that will bring them."

Amporo's dark eyes sparkled. I hoped her invented disaster would not be too violent, for there could be much imagination in her explanations for wanting an unscheduled night of freedom.

Within two hours she was back, followed by an anxious looking pair. Mother and daughter were dressed in black, their heads covered with fragile shawls of black lace.

"I had to wait until they returned from church," Amporo informed me with smug satisfaction as she surrendered my coin purse.

"You are well, Senora, not hurt by the storm?" Lolita spoke from the doorway, where her eyes followed Amporo with a question mark.

"It was a bad storm, but I survived it." With gratitude I saw the anxiety go from Graciela's pale face, and I waited for them to advance, thin and graceful in their long black skirts, their heads slightly bowed. Amporo bade me a soft

goodnight and went discreetly to the kitchen.

Neither of them would be seated. Graciela stood a distance from her mother, her eyes lowered and her face inscrutable.

"You sent for us, Senora," Lolita said. Her tone implied, "And we are here."

I stood, the three of us making a triangle in the circle of light, with the dark walls surrounding us. Wasting no time on informalities I said, "We discussed many things when I saw you last in San Angel."

"Does the Senora know of anything we left undiscussed?" Lolita's voice was cold and polite.

"Yes," I said boldly, answering her challenge. "There were two things we did not fully discuss. For instance, Graciela may have some rights as a person that we did not go into, and there are the rights of James Flores."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Graciela's hands clutch at the fringe of her black shawl.

"Earlier today," I looked Lolita squarely in the eyes, and hers did not waver, "he came to see me, and I think you have a responsibility towards him. You gave him all encouragement, did you not, in the courtship of your daughter?"

This time her eyes fell, and she said in a low voice, "That was before. I have since told him of other plans."

(To be continued)

Carol

Dorothy J. Roberts

Oh, how blessed to believe,
Lambed among the fold,
Where the blood is singing
And the faith is gold.

Yet to reach periphery
Of the darkened night,
Looking for the wandered,
Swings the shepherd's light.

Every spirit word is pent
In the templed law
For the whole of man to live
And lose his flaw.

Those who keep the lettered way
Find the hill and move it;
Those who fail and turn to God,
Doubly prove it.

Quick Little Presents

Elizabeth Williamson

QUICK little presents for your neighbor, your postman, your newsboy, and the little girl around the corner, will bring much pleasure in the Christmas season of remembrance. Try making some of these:

Your own toasted almonds in a can lacquered shiny black. Toss on a few sequins before the lacquer is quite dry.

A cookbook which includes only recipes for salads, breads, or deserts, which may be of your own selection, or they may be recipes made up and tested by you in your own kitchen.

A big fat Christmas candle, tied with a magenta bow and two sprigs of fir.

A flower arrangement calendar, which you can make by decorating the borders of plain white cards and pasting on each a colorful arrangement clipped from a magazine, or of your own designing. Add a sprig of holly.

Tiny guest soaps tied individually to a bough of fir.

Make a gift of some of your special preserves. Cover the jar with bright red felt and tie with silver tinsel.

The Price of a Hair-do

Ruth I. Devereaux

IT was a blustery afternoon and Neil seemed to carry part of the atmospheric condition in with him. Not only in the way he bounded into the house, but also in the way he blurted out, "Gee, Mom, do you think I could?"

"Do I think you could, what?" his mother answered, "and please close the door before the house is full of dust."

"You remember," Neil continued hurriedly, "what we were discussing last night about my taking private trumpet lessons and you said, we'd see." He paused for an answer, but as none was forthcoming he anxiously tried another angle. "I found out that Mr. Mayes does teach privately, and he just lives through the block and he only charges $2.50 a lesson!" His enthusiasm had reached its peak, and he nervously viewed his mother's face.

The answer was still pending, but now Mother was actually thinking . . . . and Neil continued, "I thought maybe if I had a few lessons I might be able to make first chair in the band this year." His voice drawled out into a pleading tone, and his forehead acquired that odd little wrinkle above one eye which was characteristic of trying to be grown up over a situation about which he wanted so much to burst into tears.

And Mother was really thinking. She knew how much he had wanted to be first chair trumpet. She knew how he always wanted to be first in everything. She also knew that the teacher was a good one and was a neighbor, but what Mother was really weighing in her mind was the $2.50 item. How could she manage it? That much more out of the food budget and they'd be practically living on beans. It seemed that there had been so many things lately, the new roof had cost more than they had planned, school would soon be starting, and there were clothes to buy for all three children . . . and then it came to her!

Oh, no, not that! For years she had dreamed of the time when she could go to the beauty parlor to have her hair done. This was an extravagance she had never afforded before, but she had finally convinced herself that she just couldn't do anything with her hair; that she owed it to herself; and so on . . . . Her weekly appointments had begun two months ago, and it had seemed like heaven to go and relax while someone else did the task she had dreaded each week.

But as she weighed the item in question with the fervent plea of a son with music in his heart—gradually the scales favored the request and Mother graciously replied, "You may call Mr. Mayes and see if he has a time for you."

"Gee, Mom, you're swell," Neil beamed. I'll call him right now, and I promise to practice hard." He gave his mother a quick squeeze and a kiss on the cheek before dashing into the other room to telephone.

That all happened six months ago. School began, and just as Neil had promised, he practiced hard. In fact, he practiced so hard that occasionally it seemed that the walls of the house might give way under the volume, and, at times, his mother felt as if her ears could bear no more. However, she quietly concealed her feelings and gradually, day by day, the notes became softer and sweeter, and, before long, tuneful melodies filled each crevice of the house. At school, Neil had gained his coveted position in the band.

But tonight, his being first chair trumpet seemed to have lost its significance. Discordant notes were long since forgotten. Here in the crowded chapel on Christmas Eve, Neil raised his gleaming trumpet to his lips. His father proudly played the organ interlude, and the majestic tones, "Hark, the herald angels sing, glory to the new-born King," were echoed throughout the building. Deep in Neil's mother's heart, nothing else seemed to matter now. No sacrifice could have been too great, least of all . . . the price of a hair-do.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Ada S. Van Dam

NETHERLANDS MISSION HANDICRAFT DISPLAY — A MISSION-WIDE EVENT

Standing at the left: Ada S. Van Dam, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society.

Standing at the right: Maria S. Schippers, Secretary, Netherlands Mission Relief Society.

In commenting upon this lovely display, Sister Van Dam reports: "Each Relief Society in the mission submitted a few of its choicest articles of handwork for this exhibit. The workmanship was of the finest, and the quality of material was excellent—resulting in each article being an outstanding item. We were extremely proud of these articles which were made by our Netherlands Relief Society sisters."

Photograph submitted by Myrle B. Johansen

EMERY STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, April 21, 1955

Seated, second row, second from the right: Mary E. Allen, eighty-seven years old, who has been a visiting teacher for sixty-two years.

Seated, fourth row, at the left: Surelda C. Ralphs, former president, Emery Stake Relief Society. Seated next to Sister Ralphs: Irene Zwahlen, literature class leader.

Many of the teachers in this group have served fifty years. All the visiting teachers who had served twenty years or more were especially honored at the convention, each teacher receiving a ribbon telling the number of years of her service.

Myrle B. Johansen, President, Emery Stake Relief Society reports: "The day this picture was taken, I looked over the audience during the program, and I am sure I have never seen a more beautiful group of sisters. Their faithfulness and sincerity are portrayed in the picture. I am sure Sister Ralphs loved them and felt their sustaining influence in her Relief Society work."

Photograph submitted by Elsie B. North

GRANITE STAKE (UTAH), WELLS WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR ELEVEN YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Eva Heiner; Florence Wright; Augusta Dietz; Edith James, First Counselor; Isabella Brooks, Second Counselor; Clara Richins, President;

Florence Wallis; Emily Davey; Maud Child; Bertha Wagner; Gertrude Johnson; Margaret Borg.

Second row, standing, left to right: Mary McDonald; Eulalia Dorius; Stella Widdison; Marvel Peterson; Maize Roberts; Ina Grant; Eva Rotzler; Laura Thompson; Bada Hess; Charlotte Tea; Lileth Smith; Alene Smith; Mary Millward; Lena Heagun; Betty J. Layton.

Third row, standing, left to right: Esther Johnson; Ethel Foote; Fern Rasmusson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Phyllis Thygerson, chorister; Thelma Brimley; Joy M. McDonald, Secretary; Maud Truman; Bessie McClelland, member, stake Relief Society board; Hazel Radley; Georgetta Pay; Leone Carstenson, member, stake Relief Society board; Joyce Timmerman, member, stake Relief Society board; Genure Yeates, organist; Stella Rhoads; Agnes Jones; Thel Sweat.

Leone G. Layton, member of the General Board of Relief Society, stands in the center at the back.

Elsie B. North, President, Granite Stake Relief Society, reports: "Sister Stella Widdison was the visiting teacher supervisor at the time this record was begun. Mary McDonald, Maud Child, and Eulalia Dorius have followed her example. This picture was taken at a luncheon honoring the visiting teachers at a closing social, May 31, 1955. The Relief Society was especially honored on this occasion by a visit from Sister Leone G. Layton of the Relief Society General Board."

Photograph submitted by Ruby M. Nielsen

LEHI STAKE (UTAH), LEHI FIFTH WARD BAZAAR

December 13, 1954

Left to right: Madeleine Robinson, Secretary-Treasurer; Leota Petersen, President; Mildred Christiansen, First Counselor; Etta Holdsworth, Second Counselor.

Standing at the left, near the dress rack: Nettie Warenski, work supervisor.

Ruby M. Nielsen, President, Lehi Stake Relief Society, reports the success of this bazaar: "It was a very fine affair, with a pleasing variety of handwork on display. Many novel gift items, including toaster covers, crocheted articles, pot holders, and other articles were on display, as well as aprons, pillowcases, dish towels, and the ever-popular rag rugs and beautiful quilts. Cooked foods were sold also. Over five hundred meat pies were baked and sold."

Photograph submitted by Drusilla B. Newman

RIVERSIDE STAKE (UTAH), ROSE PARK SECOND AND ROSE PARK FOURTH WARDS PRESENT SINGING MOTHERS CANTATA

Easter Sunday, April 10, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Berniece Shea, conductor; Beverly Joseph, organist; Dene Steenblik, Secretary, Rose Park Fourth Ward Relief Society; Alberta Hermansen, First Counselor, Rose Park Fourth Ward Relief Society; Julia Albrechtsen, President, Rose Park Fourth Ward Relief Society; Velma McKean, President, Rose Park Second Ward Relief Society; Helen Ayrton, First Counselor, Rose Park Second Ward Relief Society; Irene Johnson, pianist; Verda Mackay (in dark dress) who read a beautiful original poem and the commentary included in this cantata.

There was a total of forty-eight women in the chorus. They are the mothers of 157 children under twelve years of age.

Drusilla B. Newman is the former president of Riverside Stake Relief Society. The new president is Luella Buchi.

The Greater Part

Della Adams Leitner

We put our gifts in packages
All gaily wrapped and tied,
But oh, the finest part of all
We do not place inside.
It is intangible but sure
And, though no eyes may see,
The dear one who unwraps the gift
Feels its reality.

The gift is but symbolical
Of something deep and true
Within ourselves that we would share,
Not possible to view;
But, though the gift be large or small,
The priceless unseen part
That we extend — the loving thought
That speaks from heart to heart.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 38—Conditions Among the Nephites in the Days of Nephi the Disciple

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: 3 Nephi, chapters 1-5:8; 6-7)

For Tuesday, March 6, 1956

Objective: To experience with Nephi the signs of the Savior's birth; to witness the partial fulfillment of early prophecy; and to have our faith in the power of the Priesthood increased.

IT was six hundred years after Lehi had left Jerusalem that Nephi, son of Helaman, gave to his son, Nephi, all the records and the sacred relics which had been preserved. Then the father, Nephi, departed out of Zarahemla, and no man knew where he went.

Jesus Declares His Approaching Birth

Those who believed began to look forward to the appearance of the signs of the Savior's birth. Those who did not believe began to rejoice, saying that the time had passed. The disbelievers finally set aside a day on which to kill all who believed in the signs unless the signs had been given to them.

Nephi, exceedingly sorrowful over the wickedness of the people, ". . . cried mightily . . ." (3 Nephi 1:11) to the Lord concerning this matter. The answer came:

> Lift up your head and be of good cheer; for behold, the time is at hand, and on this night shall the sign be given, and on the morrow come I into the world, to show unto the world that I will fulfil all that which I have caused to be spoken by the mouth of my holy prophets (3 Nephi 1:13).

Signs of the Savior's Birth

When the sun set that evening there was no darkness. No darkness came during the whole night, but it was as light as at midday. A new star also appeared in the heavens. The people were astonished, for they knew that the signs had been given. Many who had not be-

lieved, ". . . fell to the earth and became as if they were dead . . ." (3 Nephi 1:16).

The wicked now knew that the Son of God was soon to be born, and they began to fear because of their iniquity and unbelief. As a result of the signs, however, the major part of the people were converted. Signs, nevertheless, did not effect a permanent conversion. It was not long until the Gadianton band won the support of many and Satan led away the hearts of the people. The Nephites and Lamanites, therefore, united to suppress them (3 Nephi 2:11). The war was intense by thirteen A.D., and the Nephites were threatened with utter destruction.

Lamanites Become a White People

The Lamanites who had been converted, and who had united with the Nephites, became a delightsome people for, ". . . their skin became white like unto the Nephites" 3 Nephi 2:15). They no longer kept the name of Lamanites, but were numbered among and called the people of Nephi.

Nephites Prepare for Battle

Because of the wickedness of the Nephites in fifteen A.D., and their contentions and dissensions, the Gadianton robbers gained many advantages over them. So strong was the position of the Gadianton robbers that their leader Giddianhi wrote a letter to Lachoneus, chief judge of the Nephites, in which he demanded that Lachoneus give to him the Nephite cities, lands, and other possessions. Among other things, he wrote that it was difficult to restrain his armies any longer, for they had an unconquerable spirit, which had been proved in the field of battle, and that they knew of the many wrongs the Nephites had committed against them. Giddianhi said that he wanted them as brethren and not as slaves.

He wrote:

> I swear unto you with an oath, that on the morrow month I will command that my armies shall come down against you, and they shall not stay their hand and shall spare not, but shall slay you, and shall let fall the sword upon you even until ye shall become extinct (3 Nephi 3:8).

Although astonished by the boldness of the demand of Giddianhi, Lachoneus ". . . did not hearken to the epistle . . ." (3 Nephi 3:12). He, however, began to prepare for the day when the robbers would come.

> . . . he did cause that his people should cry unto the Lord for strength against the time that the robbers should come down against them . . . he said unto them: As the Lord liveth, except ye repent of all your iniquities, and cry unto the Lord, ye will in nowise be delivered . . . (3 Nephi 3:12, 15).

He commanded the people to gather with all movable possessions into two places, the land of Zarahemla and the land Bountiful. By seventeen A.D. this had been accomplished.

> . . . they had taken their horses, and their chariots, and their cattle, and all their flocks, and their herds, and their grain, and all their substance, and did march forth by thousands and by tens of thousands, until they had all gone forth to the place which had been appointed that they should gather themselves to-

gether, to defend themselves against their enemies (3 Nephi 3:22).

They fortified this territory ". . . in the land southward . . ." (3 Nephi 3:24), the land of Zarahemla and the land of Bountiful. Gidgiddoni was made chief captain. "Now it was the custom among all the Nephites to appoint for their chief captains . . . some one that had the spirit of revelation and also prophecy; therefore, this Gidgiddoni was a great prophet among them, as also was the chief judge" (3 Nephi 3:19). He had the people make all kinds of weapons of war, armor, shields, bucklers, etc.

Robbers Attack Nephites

It was in the nineteenth year that Giddianhi led his soldiers against the Nephites. They wore a lambskin about their loins, were dyed in blood, and wore headplates for protection on their shorn heads.

". . . there never was known so great a slaughter among all the people of Lehi since he left Jerusalem" (3 Nephi 4:11). Despite their sense of security and their great boasting, the armies of Giddianhi were defeated and forced to flee. Exhausted by much fighting, Giddianhi was overtaken and slain.

Zemnarihah was then made commander-in-chief of the robbers. He, in twenty-one A.D., tried another plan. He surrounded Nephite territory to lay a siege. But the Nephites had stored provisions enough to last them for seven years. Faced with failure because of intermittent attacks by the Nephites and because of lack of food, Zemnarihah withdrew his forces to the north. Many were slain; others were taken captive. Zemnarihah, himself, was hanged on a tree.

Nephites Thank God for Deliverance

The Nephites rejoiced over their being preserved by the hand of God, and they acknowledged his goodness to them. Now they forsook their sins, their abominations and whoredoms, and served God with diligence and attention.

> And their hearts were swollen with joy, unto the gushing out of many tears, because of the great goodness of God in delivering them out of the hands of their enemies; and they knew it was because of their repentance and their humility that they had been delivered from an everlasting destruction (3 Nephi 4:33).

To prevent future difficulty, they ". . . condemned and punished according to the law" (3 Nephi 5:5) all prisoners who would not renounce their secret combination and enter into a covenant that they would murder no more. Thus they ended secret and abominable combinations among them.

The Nephites felt that they could now have security. In twenty-six A.D., they moved back to the cities whence they had come, taking with them their flocks and herds, horses and cattle, and whatever belonged to them. Again they began to prosper. Old cities were rebuilt, and new ones arose. A system of highways connecting the cities was constructed.

Nephites Again Turn Away From God

"But it came to pass in the twenty and ninth year there began to be some disputings among the people; and some were lifted up un-

to pride and boastings because of their exceeding great riches, yea, even unto great persecutions; For there were many merchants in the land, and also many lawyers, and many officers. And the people began to be distinguished by ranks, according to their riches and their chances for learning; yea, some were ignorant because of their poverty, and others did receive great learning because of their riches" (3 Nephi 6:10-12). Such inequalities bred contention and hatred. These qualities disrupted the Church. By thirty A.D. the people ". . . were in a state of awful wickedness" (3 Nephi 6:17).

It was when the Nephites were in this state of iniquity that prophets appeared among them calling on them to repent and foretelling the redemption of the human race by means of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Contrary to the laws of the land, some of these prophets were put to death secretly by the judges without the condemnation being signed by the governor of the land. Because of secret oaths among the judges and their kindred, the chief judge found it almost impossible to bring them to justice.

That same year the chief judge was murdered. This caused division among the people and soon the complete overthrow of the government. Since wickedness had become more prevalent and more powerful than goodness, the collapse of government was inevitable. This iniquity came because the people yielded to the power of Satan. The people now divided into tribes, each man going with his family, kindred, and friends. Each tribe appointed a chief or a leader. These tribes were a unit in hating those who had destroyed their government.

The secret combination, however, united under the leadership of Jacob. They called him their king. He led his people northward.

Nephi Preaches Repentance

Nephi saw the tribes stone the prophets and cast them out.

> And it came to pass that Nephi—having been visited by angels and also the voice of the Lord, therefore having seen angels, and being eye-witness, and having had power given unto him that he might know concerning the ministry of Christ, and also being eye-witness to their quick return from righteousness unto their wickedness and abominations; Therefore, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their minds—went forth among them in that same year, and began to testify, boldly, repentance and remission of sins through faith on the Lord Jesus Christ (3 Nephi 7:15-16).

He ministered with great power and authority, and angels ministered to him daily. In the name of Jesus Christ he cast out devils and unclean spirits, and raised his brother from the dead. Many people were:

> . . . baptized with water, and this as a witness and a testimony before God, and unto the people, that they had repented and received a remission of their sins (3 Nephi 7:25).

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. What were the signs given of the Savior's birth?
2. Did the signs produce permanent repentance?
3. What did Nephi preach to the people?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 38—"Therefore, Whoso Heareth These Sayings of Mine and Doeth Them, I Will Liken Him Unto a Wise Man, Who Built His House Upon a Rock—And the Rain Descended, and the Floods Came, and the Winds Blew, and Beat Upon That House; and It Fell Not, For It Was Founded Upon a Rock" (3 Nephi 14:24-25).

Edith S. Elliott

For Tuesday, March 6, 1956

Objective: To show the necessity of not only hearing the word of the Lord but in doing it also.

THERE is wisdom in the old adage, "We learn to do by doing." We can listen to masterful teaching, but unless we study and actually participate in the learning processes ourselves, we cannot possibly attain a successful goal. This is true in any branch of edification whether it be in the field of art, science, or religion, and particularly is this true in our spiritual development which requires doing the word of God as well as hearing it.

There are people who, for some reason, think that religious or spiritual knowledge will come to them without much effort on their part. Further, they seem to believe that it will suddenly be theirs and appear like magic, when and if they need it. But, like every other desired knowledge, a complete and continuous study is necessary for comprehension before it can become a part of our being.

We may agree with teachings of the prophets of old and those of today. Their philosophy is majestic and uplifting to contemplate. We may go so far as to believe in the essentials required for our salvation. Yet, when it comes not only to hearing, but doing the word, some of us find that we are too weak in understanding and faith so to do. We tend to accept just parts of the gospel plan which suit us or are easy to embrace. However, if we want to journey to London, we must meet every requirement necessary to get us to that destination. A halfway ticket will take us only half of the way. So it is with eternal life as our goal; we must accept and live all our Heavenly Father's teachings to gain eternal life.

To have been stirred with the story of the "Good Samaritan" is a rich experience. To be one in reality, is to obey the second great commandment. How many of us walk the extra mile to give personal service? How many of us make the time to brighten the life of a neighbor weighed down with seeming insurmountable burdens? How many of us prepare a meal or run an errand for the homebound? How

many of us repent, have faith in God, and live by his revealed word in this latter day? These are a few of the deeds we may perform to show that we have applied the hearing of the word into doing the word, which assures us a foundation built upon the rock of truth.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 6—Vegetable Cookery

PART I

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, March 13, 1956

FEW foods contribute more to the eye appeal of a meal than do garden-fresh, properly cooked and attractively served vegetables. No meal need be lacking in color interest if vegetables are part of it. Cooking them the right way and for the minimum time intensifies the natural coloring of most vegetables, and even seems to improve the delicate flavor of many kinds.

Cutting Vegetables Before Cooking

If vegetables are left in such large pieces for cooking that the cooking time is prolonged, a loss of color, flavor, and nutrition value results. Vegetables cut into half-inch strips may be cooked quickly and with very little loss, in either a regular saucepan or a pressurized pan.

Cutting vegetables too fine results in flavor, color, and nutritive loss, if they are overcooked. However, if they are cooked just until tender and served immediately they are superior in every way. Carrots, beets, and parsnips are delicious when, after peeling, they are shredded on a salad grater that makes shreds about the size of a pencil, then put in a heavy saucepan with a close fitting lid. One or two tablespoons of water is all that is needed if the heat is just high enough to keep steam forming. No more than about five minutes cooking time is needed. Stir at least once for evenness of cooking. Vegetables cut in this way also may be panfried. Add two tablespoons butter or meat drippings to the pan for each quart of vegetables. When the fat is melted, add the vegetables, cover the pan tightly, and cook about five minutes over heat just high enough to keep steam forming.

Green beans cut into strips lengthwise shorten the cooking time and add variety and interest to this frequently served vegetable. The color is a bright green when they are cooked just until done.

Removing the stems from spinach, and the stems and heavy rib sections from chard, cuts the cooking time almost in half. Stems of these vegetables are comparatively low in food and nutritive value. If you use them, cook them separately or until they are practically done before adding the leafy portion.

Amount of Water

Onions, if cooked in a fairly large proportion of rapidly boiling water, are more palatable to the taste of many people than when cooked in a small amount of water. With some vegetables it may be worthwhile, for improved flavor, to sacrifice the loss of some nutrients, which results when a large amount of water is used. However, strong flavors in most vegetables come only after they are overcooked.

Length of Cooking Time

Overcooking is one of the worst destroyers of color, the sweet natural flavor, and the healthful nutrients. Some vegetables, when overcooked, become flat and insipid or, worse still, strong and unpleasant with an odor to match.

The green pigment in vegetables is rapidly destroyed by heat and acid. Both of them have a chance to do their damage when vegetables are overcooked. The acid which causes the trouble comes from the vegetable itself, but it will do no damage if the vegetables are cooked just until tender. Most soft water is alkaline and is, therefore, good for vegetable cookery. Adding just the right amount of salt for flavor to the water in which vegetables are to be cooked, improves the color of green vegetables and helps to prevent vitamin loss.

Utensils for Cooking Vegetables

There are two general methods of cooking fresh vegetables. One is in a regular saucepan, and the other in a pressurized pan. When using a regular pan, select one that has a close-fitting lid. Add about one-fourth inch water and the desired amount of salt. Experiment until you find a quantity of water that is needed so there will be not more than one-half cup of liquid in the pan when the vegetables are cooked. When the water boils, add the vegetables, then place the lid on the pan. Let it remain there except for a few seconds at the beginning of the boiling period. Lifting the lid at that time allows some of the volatile acids to escape in steam. If retained in the pan, they dull the fresh, bright color of green vegetables. Use only enough heat to keep the water boiling and cook the vegetables just until tender.

The pressure saucepan is being used more and more for vegetable cookery. The temperature reached is sufficiently high to shorten cooking time enough so that the color remains good, in some cases even better than in the open kettle. Precautions must be taken not to use more than the prescribed amount of vegetables for a given size of saucepan. If the amount is too large, the cooking period is prolonged and some of the natural color is lost. When using a pressure saucepan, it is especially important to check cooking time; a minute or two more than is required, may defeat all advantages gained in the use of this kind of pan. Follow explicitly the prescribed instructions that come with your cooker as to the amount of water to use, cooking time, and releasing of pressure.

Vegetables that are properly cooked need very little seasoning added to make them appetite appealing. However, seasoning does add interest and variety to frequent-

ly prepared vegetables. Next month we will talk about more of the interesting ways vegetables may be prepared.

Suggestions to Class Leader

1. Demonstrate the different methods of cooking vegetables as presented in the lesson.
2. Discuss using the liquid in which the vegetables have been cooked.
3. Discuss loss of vitamins through improper storage of fresh vegetables, peeling, delayed cooking, and serving.
4. Discuss frozen and canned vegetables.

Note the supplementary material to this lesson in the article "Vegetables — A Different Way Every Day," by Rhea H. Gardner, on page 826 of this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 54—Post-Victorian Poets—Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936), William Ernest Henley (1849-1903), and John Masefield (1874-)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 909-918, 863-869, 927-933

For Tuesday, March 20, 1956

Objective: To weigh and consider the personalities and poetry of three poets (Housman, Henley, and Masefield) that we might better appreciate and understand ourselves and our world.

Permission for reprinting: Excerpts from the poems "With rue my heart is laden . . . ." from a *Shropshire Lad;* and "I did not lose my heart in summer's even . . . ." from *More Poems*, by Alfred Edward Housman, quoted from the text *The Literature of England*, volume II, by Woods, Watt, and Anderson, are reprinted in this lesson by the kind permission of Henry Holt & Company, Inc, New York. The general board of Relief Society is very grateful for this permission.

A. E. Housman, 1859-1936 (Text, pp. 909-918)

IN 1859, Alfred Edward Housman was born at Focksbury, a scattered hamlet in western England not far from Shropshire and Wales where his father was a solicitor (lawyer). His love of rural England was always strong within him, as his best-loved book of poems *The Shropshire Lad* (1896) reveals with restrained power in such lines as:

> Clunton and Clunbury,
> Clungunford and Clun
> Are the quietest places
> Under the sun.

Young Housman learned well the lessons of nature, for the qualities of silence, reserve, and pure unadorned understatement of truth, as he saw it, were characteristics both of his poetry and of his life as one of the most eminent Latin scholars of Europe. As Keats reminds us, "Heard melodies are

sweet, but those unheard are sweeter" ("Ode on a Grecian Urn"). Surely, one great reason why Housman's few poems rank high among the purest and most perfect lyrics ever written, was because of his exquisite ability to hear more *between* his most carefully chosen words than the words themselves say. Pure poetry has never been purer than in Housman.

His Life

The outward events of his life can be told in a paragraph, so sparse and few are they. At the age of seventeen, while attending the local school, the gift of a book in Latin inspired him to become a classical scholar, when he entered Oxford the next year. At college he referred to himself as an "exile" because of his country background. Later, he claimed that these years left little stamp upon him, and, in 1881, when he failed his final examinations, any chance of teaching in a university was denied him. The extremely sensitive Housman withdrew even more within himself. Days he worked in the British Patent Office; nights he spent reading and studying in the British Museum. Without any fanfare, he began publishing classical papers of such excellence that he could not be ignored when a vacancy occurred in the Classics Department of University College, London. He taught there for nineteen years until, in 1911, he accepted a better position at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he lectured three times a week, had but a few select friends, and was cordial to the young students who dared approach him. Because of his keen intellect and biting tongue, with which he attacked colleagues who were careless or pompous, he became the most widely feared scholar in his field, and the most highly respected. He dedicated his life to "building himself a monument" through his translations and commentaries on Manilius (d. 30 A.D.?). In every phase of his academic life truth and thoroughness were for him the supreme virtues.

His fame as a poet rests on three thin books of poetry, one published in 1896, another in 1922, and the third *More Poems* issued by his brother the year he died. His will directed that after his death no collection of his writings or lectures be made of which he had not approved while alive. He lectured almost to the end, dying after a week's illness in 1936 during his seventy-seventh year.

Housman's Poetry

Strength, beauty, unadorned statement, the simplest diction, irony, and discipline are stamped upon his poems. He used a conventional stanza pattern, yet he so refined his words and compressed the emotion of his intent, that nobody can even imitate him. It is these qualities which helped make *The Shropshire Lad* so popular. His dark mood of life's painfulness — the tragedy of war, unfaithfulness, man's indifference, even cruelty to man, the futility of existence — all these proved subjects compatible to a disillusioned world. Yet, though to Housman nature is evil and man is a stranger to his world, he says that:

> Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
> Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

Housman catches in his poems the same emotion of pure poetry which he admired in Blake. After reading him we no longer wonder that he sometimes struggled more than a year for the exact word. Some of his poems are extremely cruel and futile, but others are very near our own world of experience:

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipped maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipped girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.
(Text, page 915, verse 54)

(From *The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman*, Copyright 1940 by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.)

How superbly he creates in so small a compass the pure poetic emotion he would share. Many of his poems should be read slowly and aloud, among others such titles as "Loveliest of Trees, the Cherry Now" (page 910), "When I Was One-and-Twenty" (page 912), "Oh, When I was in Love With You" (page 912), "To an Athlete Dying Young" (page 912), "Is My Team Plowing?" (page 913), "Into My Heart an Air That Kills" (page 914). A pure poem on the loneliness of maturity beginning:

Far in a western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know . . . .

contains power from the words spoken, as from the large emotion between the lines. Another poem, which in its restraint, ironic twist, and acknowledgment of a bewildering reality of our modern world, might well stand as a final representative of Housman, is the following:

I did not lose my heart in summer's even
When roses to the moonrise burst apart:
When plumes were under heel and lead was flying,
In blood and smoke and flame I lost my heart.

I lost it to a soldier and a foeman,
A chap that did not kill me, but he tried;
That took the saber straight and took it striking,
And laughed and kissed his hand to me and died.
(Text, page 917)

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William Ernest Henley, 1849-1903 (Text, pp. 863-869)

Henley loved best Robert Louis Stevenson. Both were delicate men, but, in contrasting natures of their weaknesses, lay all the difference. While Henley himself could write delicate, free-verse stanzas in the sensitive manner, in his poetry as in his life, as an influential editor and literary lion, he loved power, force, action, and courage. It is not by chance that Kipling's vigorous *Barrack-Room Ballads* first appeared in his magazine, *National Observer*, or that he was instrumental in encouraging Thomas Hardy, Stevenson, Kipling, Meredith, and H. G. Wells in choosing literary careers. Likewise, he made his magazine into one of the most aggressive of British imperialistic forces, as seen in "England, My England" (Text, page 868).

His Life

Henley's childhood gave him a love of poetry. He was very early aware that the tuberculosis of the bone from which he suffered might kill him. His one foot was amputated early, and at the age of twenty-four he entered the Edinburgh Infirmary for almost two years, where Dr. Joseph Lister, the great founder of antiseptic surgery, saved his other foot. After leaving the hospital, he became so busy as one of the most powerful editors in England that, for more than ten years, he gave up poetry, but came to it again later. He married, in 1878, and had one daughter, but her death dealt him a blow which shadowed the last decade of his life.

Henley's Poetry

In addition to reading his poetry, the best device for us to employ in knowing Henley is to picture him as Long John Silver, for Stevenson used his vigorous, boisterous manner as model for this great fictional character. Lest the trade be one-sided, bedridden Henley wrote the poem "Apparition," which creates the essential reality of Robert Louis Stevenson his best friend. (See text, pp. 865-866, lines 1-13.)

Henley's first fame resulted from his book of poems, *In Hospital*, which contains many sights, smells, and emotions familiar to us all. In his poem barrenly titled "Before," he catches deftly the feeling of gloom before one enters the operating room. (See text, page 864, lines 1-4; 9-11.)

Equally familiar, and more welcome, is his "Discharged," which catches the exhilaration of release back into the world of the living. (See text, page 866, lines 1-7; 10-11; 24-27.)

Because he was a life-long invalid, we are not surprised to find traces of his life-struggle in most of his works. But even in exceptions to this personal theme, such as "Margaritae Sorori," his over-all concern with death and his stoic resistance to suffering are present. Yet the poem gives us a delicate beauty in its first stanza, which is a product of no mean poetic skill. (See text, page 866, lines 1-7.)

His most famous poem is foreshadowed in his "What Is to Come," page 867, which tells that it is "best of all to bear" whatever comes. In "Invictus" or "Unconquered" (page 866), we find the core of Henley's life and belief: individuality, courage, stoic resignation to fate and chance, and an unconquerable soul which can endure whatever unpredictable life may bring.

John Masefield, 1874-
(Text, pp. 927-933)

John Masefield was the son of a Herefordshire lawyer who died in Masefield's early youth, and so at fourteen, Masefield was forced to go to sea to keep himself alive. In the next ten years he shipped aboard numerous tramp steamers, and bounced from one odd job to another, including bartender, and worker in a Yonkers, New York, carpet factory. No wonder that in *Salt-Water Ballads*, his first book of poetry, published in 1902, he consecrated himself as a poet to sing of the common people. (See text, page 928, lines 13-18.)

Ewing Galloway

JOHN MASEFIELD

Poor, uneducated, Masefield had "discovered" Chaucer. It was because of the exaltation of this discovery that he resolved to dedicate his life to poetry and writing. His first verses reveal him as a rugged romantic, sometimes almost a crude realist.

In 1911 he published *The Everlasting Mercy*, a long narrative poem dealing with faith and regeneration among villagers, which brought him fame. Through the years his output has been tremendous — more than seventy-five books of poems, novels, plays, essays, nautical histories of English glory, and books for boys, but, since the early twenties, his poetry has shown lessening force. Gradually it became clear that the original flavor of his earlier lines had been watered down by conventional, romantic views. When he was made Poet Laureate in 1930, few people rejoiced, yet he was the only contemporary poet to have expressed sentiments in poetry which even came near representing the national mind and heart of England.

In justification of some of his early poems, which shocked some with their seeming over-concern with the low and ugly, Masefield often treated such subjects to prove that beauty can come from them. And that beauty is well within his power is shown by such lines as those in the text, page 931, lines 1-4.

But his most direct statement of his love of beauty is found in his sonnets. (See text, page 933, lines 1-4; 11-14.)

In 1922, Masefield wrote "On Growing Old," which catches the awareness of age, the release from more strident activities and passions, and the serenity and emotional peace which are the natural reward of advancing years. (See text page 933, lines 1-8; 12-13.)

Masefield deservedly is best known and best loved for his sea poems. "Cargoes" (text, page 929) catches the versatility of the sea in the burdens men have had it bear. The first stanza, telling of opulent, lush treasures of Nineveh and Palestine, has a fitting imagery and rhythm scheme to accompany such a portrayal. Likewise, in the wealth of the Spanish treasure-galleons back from the New World, the words fit the thought.

Here, from his poem "Trade-Winds," is a foretaste of his nostalgic, moving "Sea-Fever" which moves even confirmed landlubbers. In these lines note the lilt of the sea, the music and freshness of sea-

air and pure freedom. (See text page 928, lines 1-4.)

Thoughts for Discussion

1. How might we know from the tone and style of Housman's poetry that he was a student of the classical languages?

2. Why is Henley's poem "Invictus" universally appreciated?

3. What effect does a study of Henley's life have upon your appreciation of his poetry?

4. What is the meaning of Poet Laureate in England? Why was Masefield selected for this honor?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 19—Citizenship and Suffrage Under the Constitution

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, March 27, 1956

Objective: To point out the obligations of citizenship under the Constitution.

Permission for Reprinting: Permission for reprinting the excerpts from the article by John Knox Jessup, from *Life*, for November 5, 1951, has been granted by the publishers of *Life* magazine, New York City, New York.

Stability of Our Government

NO study of the Constitution of the United States is complete which neglects to give attention to the American political system. That system has been amazingly successful. Its success is demonstrated beyond all question in the fact that it has endured for a long time in comparison with other systems in other nations. Democracy is criticized in many quarters, but the fact remains to refute the critics that the governments of this world which are the most stable and which have endured the longest are the democracies. This is a fact which many people have not known nor understood, and should be kept in mind when we are being told that our Nation is decadent.

All this is not intended to imply that our Government and the way it operates do not have any faults. It has many defects and it seems there is always some condition which, in the minds of the unthinking, lends substance to the claims that our democracy is a failure. In the course of this discussion some of the reasons for this apparent failure will be referred to, and, it is hoped, that the remedies will, at the same time, be pointed out.

In spite of the many disheartening events which have occurred in our political history and which seem ever to recur, it is, nevertheless, equally true that never in the his-

A Perry Picture

FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

From a Painting by Carpenter

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tory of the world have so many people over such a long period of time and within such a vast territorial expanse enjoyed so much justice and liberty as has been the good fortune of the American people, since the founding of our Government under the Constitution.

The fact of stability has just been mentioned. Stability in nations and governments is just as important as it is in individuals. Indeed, may we not without fear of contradiction, say there is a direct relationship between stability in nations and governments and the stability of their citizens? Complete lack of stability in a government leads inevitably to chaos. Without it there is no security to personal liberty or to property rights, or any assurance that either may be enjoyed for any given period of time. The United States Government and political system is among the most stable, if not the most stable Government now in existence, and it has been such from the beginning. This is a tribute to the political maturity of Americans. Despite the stresses and strains put upon our system, it has met every test, including that of war, and remains strong and firm upon its constitutional foundations.

Contrast this situation with other nations. Many of them have disappeared entirely during our history and many within our own memory. In others, it is very questionable if they can endure. Also many stand upon the brink of chaos.

Reasons for Our Success in Government - Political Maturity

Let us now proceed to a brief examination of the underlying reasons for the success of our political institutions, bearing in mind their many past mistakes and the causes thereof, and, finally, arrive at our responsibility for the success or failure which we may experience hereafter.

Acceptance of Majority Rule by Minority

There is no provision in the Constitution for political parties. Washington was aware of this and in his Farewell Address warns of the disunity flowing from the rivalry created by partisanship. His warnings are deserving of our respectful attention. To digress, consider for a moment an American election either local, state, or national. The passion and heat which this arouses are all too often frightening in their proportions. However, Americans have managed to forget all this after an election, and have uniformly accepted the mandate of the majority. Consequently, we have been spared from bloody revolution which has often followed in countries where the decision at the ballot box has not been accepted by a minority. This situation in America is still another evidence of political maturity.

Provisions for Elections and Universal Suffrage

Returning now to the Constitution, just what does it contain upon which may rest the foundations for our political structure? It provides for elections. It does not attempt to spell out the qualifications of voters. That is specifically left to the states. Further, the Constitution provides for suffrage. This has been made universal upon all citizens and is guaranteed by the Fifteenth and Nineteenth Amendments. By providing for suffrage and for elections, political parties became inevitable. Such organizations follow such provisions as naturally as night follows day. Therein lies the basis for our political institution, the party. A political party may be defined as a group of voters having political beliefs in common, organized and seeking governmental control by public office. Some of the functions of political parties are:

1. To crystallize opinion, narrowing down the issues and compromising varying viewpoints until a compromise "platform" is formulated.

2. To furnish and promote candidates who (if elected) will endeavor to put into effect the policies defined in the platform.

3. A third service is that of educating, stimulating, and interesting the citizens in the affairs of Government.

Necessity and Use for Political Parties

It is true that there were no party organizations in existence during Washington's administrations, but, by the time of Jefferson's advent to the Presidency, they were an accomplished fact. Even during Washington's administrations, the foundations for political parties were laid. The rivalry between the political philosophy of Hamilton and Jefferson had its irresistible effect. Throughout the history of the United States, the political parties

Don Knight

MONTICELLO, HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

have continued to hold dissimilar views on many principles, but have been surprisingly in accord on many others.

Can we agree with Washington that partisanship in national affairs is bad? To a certain extent we can and should. Never should partisanship be permitted to become dominant in our country. The welfare of the nation demands that partisan considerations be laid aside in the accomplishment of the overall national aims, which must ever be to promote the greatest well-being and security of the individual citizens. Opposition for the sake of opposing alone is shortsighted and frustrating to the national growth and development.

We have examples before us of the stultifying effect of such a course of action. In many European countries the governments have been brought to almost utter frustration by such partisanship.

We can, however, disagree with Washington and emphatically say that not only are political parties necessary to a workable democracy, but they also serve a very useful purpose. In no other way may the electorate express its view as effectively as through this device. This is the point at which citizenship enters the scene and becomes all important.

Responsibility of the Individual Citizen

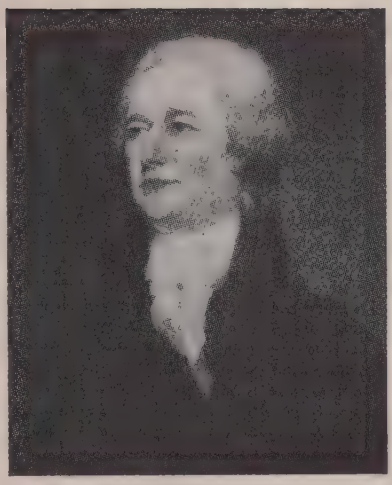
"We the People of the United States . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." Because the people established this Government under the Constitution, it is they who have become responsible to protect and maintain it. In other nations not having and enjoying our kind of democratic Government, a citizen might, with reason, assume an attitude of disinterest and lack of concern for the way in which his

government functions. In such countries the main function of government is to protect its citizens or subjects from internal disturbance and external danger. Having done so it has discharged its major obligation. In such a situation the primary responsibility for governing rests upon those responsible for creating the government in question. In America, on the other hand, the individual citizen can look nowhere but to himself for the discharge of this obligation. There is just no one else who can do the job.

Unfortunately, there are far too many Americans who exhibit an alien indifference to their Government. The word "alien" is used advisedly, because it is an attitude of other peoples, who, having no power to influence their own governments, simply disregard them. In their impotence such indifference is at least understandable.

Such an attitude in an American is nothing short of tragic. Our forefathers struggled for centuries to secure the right to control government. The inspired authors of the Constitution drafted a document under which such control was made possible, and, now, far too many people think so little of this privilege and opportunity that they refuse to exercise it.

Active interest in government expressed in political action is absolutely indispensable to a democracy. In our country we cannot rely upon the enlightened to rescue us from the consequences of our refusal to be concerned with what goes on in Government. We are the Government and we must be enlightened ourselves. At stake are the institutions of freedom and liberty themselves and the "American Way."



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ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Consequences of Political Indifference

Let us consider briefly the consequences of political indifference.

There is a saying that political power does not exist in a vacuum. That is to say that when a group which exercises such power ceases to exercise it, another group will immediately step in and exercise it. Therefore, in politics, influence and power never remain unused. They are always being exercised by someone. In our country when the bulk of the citizenry do not use their franchise to vote for the purpose of retaining control of Government, that control may fall into the hands of the politically ambitious minority who invariably then have the

power to operate in a lawless and corrupt manner. If this does not happen, it may fall into the hands of the incompetent. The result of either incompetence or corruption is bad government. To avoid bad government is the duty and responsibility of every citizen. There is none too busy or important to be excused from doing his part.

Influence on government in a democracy is exerted in two principal ways. First, internally, and second, externally. (1) Internal influence is exerted through the various branches of the Government itself: (a) in the Legistlatures, by the enactment of laws; (b) by the Executive, in the execution and enforcement of the laws; and (c) by the Judiciary in the interpretation of the law. (2) The external influence is obtained through party activity and elections. Of course, the objective of all public-spirited citizens is to place in Government and its various subdivisions and departments the kind of men who are honest and qualified.

Need for Activity in Politics

We cannot all of us hold public office, so our best opportunity for influencing Government is through political activity and exercising the choice of the ballot. This activity demands the use of our best judgment formed after a careful study of issues and candidates. It is not an easy task to become informed, but it is a duty to do so and a responsibility we cannot afford to forego.

Politics is the science of government. Some individuals seem to labor under the misconception that politics is only the science of getting elected to public office and staying in office once elected.

Strength in Two-Party System

In our country we have developed the two-party system of politics. This system is now traditional. It is a source of political strength and stability, and, again, evidences the political maturity of our citizenry. The two-party system is far more workable and practical than a multi-party system such as is common in most European countries. Under a two-party system, it is far easier to attain a clear majority and to insure continuity of policy. The multi-party system has brought some European countries to the point of impotency.

Under the American system the majority and the minority have extremely important functions to perform. It is the duty, obligation, and the responsibility of the majority to govern. It is the duty of the minority and its responsibility to see to it that the majority governs well, does not become dictatorial or corrupt, and to keep the electorate informed of what is actually going on inside Government.

Does One Vote Count?

Through the medium of party activity and voting, the citizen fulfills his constitutional duty of citizenship. He cannot fulfill this duty in any other way. This responsibility cannot be delegated to another. It is the personal responsibility of every person of voting age and eligibility.

Many people fall into the error of supposing that their contribution to

Government is unimportant or is ineffectual. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Frequently we hear the comment, "When millions are voting, what difference will my one vote make?" For those who may doubt the power of the individual vote, the results of the elections in November 1954, should change their thinking. The following is from an editorial which appeared in *The Deseret News and Salt Lake Telegram*, November 10, 1954.

> And if any person ever doubted the importance of the individual vote, this election should have been convincing. Not only in Utah, where the statehouse representation of one county is tied up in an absolute deadlock and that of another county was decided by the margin of one vote, but also in the whole country.
>
> Take Oregon, for instance. Richard Neuberger won a Senate seat there by a margin of 2,099 votes—less than the total number of precincts in the state. Thus, if there had been just ONE more Republican vote in each precinct, the entire organization of the U. S. Senate and every committee chairmanship in the new Senate would have been different. In New Jersey, the Republican winner's percentage margin of victory was even less.

Political control lies in the hands of the citizen. It does not belong to a party, a pressure group, or faction. Parties, groups, and factions do not vote. They merely serve as the convenient medium through which the citizen may effectively influence Government. It behooves all of us to remember these things and to discharge the obligations of citizenship which is ours.

Constitutionalism Defined

In words better than my own it can be said: "By 'Constitutionalism' is meant not the Constitution itself, but the reasons why Americans revere it. One reason is that it contains a principle of self-limiting power and thus expresses the American's bias against all formal government."

In speaking further to the point that nowhere else have justice and liberty attained the heights achieved in America, the same author says:

> If this is so, it is only because the people so governed are willing to pay the price of Constitutionalism. The price is that citizens must take continuous initiative, voluntarily doing chores and making decisions which elsewhere are considered Government chores and decisions. Despite the tremendous growth of Government, Americans still do this.
>
> It is the citizens whose moral sense discovers injustice and takes appropriate corrective action . . . . Constitutionalism is our substitute for a national community, or "sense of state," and also for public morals, a term we seldom use. We seldom use it, because only individuals have morals, not politics and certainly not states.
>
> Constitutionalism can last in America as long as the people have a strong moral sense . . . (John Knox Jessup in *Life*, November 5, 1951, copyright by "Time, Inc." in 1951).

So long as the political processes of America remain in the hands of a majority imbued with a high moral and political purpose, democracy cannot fail.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What is the oldest form of government in existence today?

2. What are the principal benefits which

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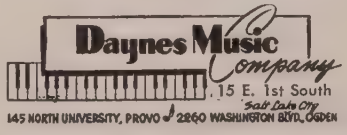

citizens of the United States enjoy under the Constitution?

3. Why is stability in government important?

4. What provisions of the Constitution made political parties inevitable and necessary.

5. What was Washington's view of partisan politics? Wherein was he right? Where wrong?

6. Why are the people of the United States responsible for Government under the Constitution?

7. Why is political inactivity "alien" to our philosophy?

8. Why is political activity by an enlightened citizenry indispensable to the "American Way"?

9. How is Government influenced by party activity?

10. What is "politics"? Is it bad?

11. Is the two-party system good? If so, why?

12. In whose hands does political power lie in the United States? Why?

* * * * *

Mother Had a Way

Leone E. McCune

"MARY...EE, Alice, come see the flowers Jack Frost has painted on the windowpanes!"

Mother stood at the bottom of the stairs calling her children. It was a beautiful way to be awakened from our warm winter beds.

In summer, she would call the names of the slow ones. "Come, see the robin's nest in our apple tree." Eventually, there were robin's eggs to see, and, later, the baby robins!

Summers were wonderful when we were growing up. There were eight of us, and each carried responsibility according to his or her age.

Order and cleanliness were the rule in our house, and "next to godliness," Mother firmly believed. On Friday after school, and on Saturday, we cleaned the house from cellar to attic, baked and cooked. We prepared our clothes and ourselves for the Sabbath day and Church.

There were huge washings to turn out by the hand-machine method, and ironings to be done in the cool dining room while irons heated on the hot kitchen stove. In the cool of early mornings, there were vegetables and raspberries to gather and, later on, apples to pick.

But the days were never days of drudgery. We sang as we worked. A daughter would start a song in one of the rooms, and, before long, it could be heard from every part of the house.

Mother had us work in the mornings and clean up in the afternoons. But we did not waste time. We took our sewing machine out on the lawn under the shade of great trees. We read or studied. Sometimes we shelled peas, snapped beans, or peeled apples for dinner.

And always Mother pointed out the beauty around us. The skies over our valley were glorious, a peaceful baby blue in June with little white-lamb clouds, Greek gods or goddesses, any number of interesting things. Flame and fire clouds at sunset became thunderous black preceding a storm, thrilling, exciting, as we raced for cover.

The encircling vivid green hills that surrounded us comforted and protected us, even as Mother's infolding arms comforted us when we were ill and when we said goodnight.

We loved to have our evening meal out on the lawn when the weather permitted. Often we would linger to watch the moon rise over the dark hills. We would guess the size, big as our washtub, golden as a twenty-dollar gold piece.

To sing as we worked, to profit by our leisure hours, and to be aware of the beauty around us. It was wonderful growing up Mother's way.

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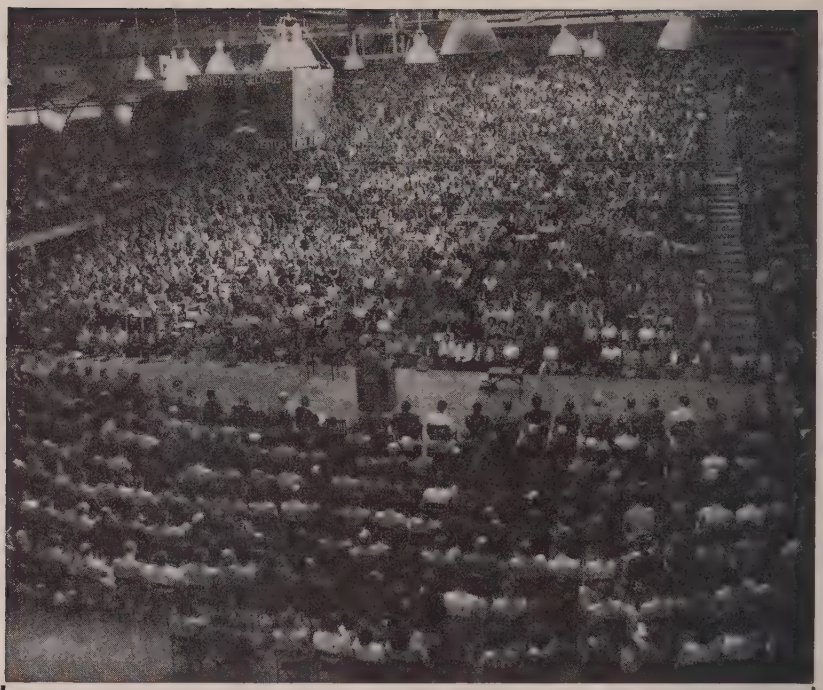

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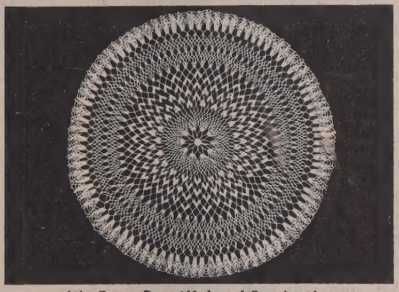

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From Near and Far

Who is Pansye H. Powell? Her story "Just Like the Ones I Used to Know," (in the *Magazine* for October 1955) is a very fine Christmas story. So much human feeling and a good idea.

—Charles V. Worthington
Los Angeles, California

The *Magazine* has been a great pleasure to me here in Germany. We had a small but active group last year, where I had the privilege of being the theology teacher. The lessons were a great source of pleasure to me personally, and I felt I at least learned a great deal more from The Book of Mormon.

—Mrs. Maly G. Scriven
A.P.O. 109
New York City, New York

I became a Latter-day Saint on Easter Sunday of this year. It is the greatest thing that ever happened in my life. My wonderful mother-in-law had presented me with a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine* for my birthday. I have never enjoyed anything as much as I have these issues that cheerfully greet me in the mailbox each month. From cover to cover the *Magazine* is read through several times. I read everything and do gain so much from the stories and lessons.

—Mrs. Dorothy Crooks
Shelley, Idaho

I am so thankful for such a fine *Magazine*. Wish everyone could have the opportunity to read it. As I grow older, I learn to appreciate the *Magazine* more. It encourages a person to higher aims in life and has so many wonderful ideas.

—Helen S. Pope
Phoenix, Arizona

One of the things I like most about *The Relief Society Magazine* is the poetry. There is something about reading the poetic efforts of other Relief Society sisters which seems to bring us all closer — as if we knew each other personally.

—Rosemary S. Lee
Hurricane, Utah

I have been a subscriber to the *Magazine* almost continuously for fifty years. I always look for the different styles of verse published. I enjoy them. The *Magazine* has been a great comfort to me through the years, especially when I left the city to be a farmer's wife, living on a large cattle ranch in Idaho. There I always kept the *Magazine* in sight, as my husband read it, too. Thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me.

—Mrs. Nell Loosli
Salt Lake City, Utah

I enjoy the *Magazine* so much and wish you success and God's blessings in your work.

—Ione S. Rigby
Fairview, Utah

This little poem was written out of love and appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. I read it at our last meeting, and the ladies suggested that I send it to you.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

I have a spirit, same as you,
Have you not heard me sing to you?
I have a heart as pure as gold,
Made up of many hearts, including yours.
My joys you feel, my tears you share—
So much of me you put there.

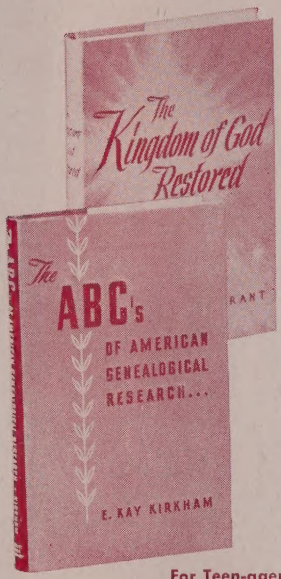
I'm a visiting teacher, same as you,
I come once a month; I give as you do,
Of comfort, of faith, hope and charity, too;
I've much to offer — so look me through.

From cover to cover, then over again,
But slowly this time, to get all you can.
Yes, my spirit is there. Seek and you shall find
Joy in turning one page at a time.

—Doris Holmes
Boise, Idaho

Everyone wants L. D. S. Books this

CHRISTMAS



1. Kingdom of God Restored

Carter E. Grant

New information concerning the establishment of the Church in the early days through the Utah War makes this new book an essential addition to the family library as well as to the libraries of schools, teachers, and leaders in the Church.

It reads like a novel as it reveals the fascinating colorful story of the early pioneers. **$4.00**

2. ABC's of American Genealogical Research **E. Kay Kirkham**

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This newly revised edition is teeming with suggestions for the beginner in genealogical research as well as for the veteran researcher. It contains valuable information on where to look and how to search records, wills, vital statistics to find those living, pulsing beings who were our tenth or twelfth grandfathers and grandmothers. **$1.75**

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